

COUNTRY LIFE

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MRS. MACLEAN.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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The Victims of Rapine

IN another part of the paper we are enabled to publish this week a brief and imperfect summary of a report that has been drawn up by Mrs. Hobbs and Mr. Rigg in regard to the effect produced on agriculture in certain parts of France by the war. The places described lie very near the front, and the objection may be raised that to report upon them was rather premature. The Allies at the present moment are probably on the eve of great events. Such a statement has no doubt frequently been made before, but if so this could not have been done with much thought or reflection. Everybody who took the trouble to understand the situation knew that there could be no great forward movement on the part of the Allies until spring had well advanced. One and all they were taken by surprise. Great Britain had no army except the little band of heroes who formed the Expeditionary Force and crossed the Channel to make that glorious fight under Sir John French which retarded the Germans in the first place and ended in causing them to swerve from their original purpose of dashing into Paris.

France was not in much better case. It never seems to have been realised in the Republic that Germany was prepared and ready to strike, and that she would do so with as little warning as possible. Accordingly, the French had not got ready either men or munitions, and despite themselves, they were forced to fight a defensive war. They were otherwise taken under the disadvantage that they expected

the enemy to make a direct attack on their territory and not to advance through Belgium. Russia was equally behind-hand and, indeed, would have needed another four or five years to reach her effective strength. During the winter all the Allies have been making strenuous, if to a large extent silent, efforts to recover the lost ground, and hence our conclusion that great events may be expected to occur any day now. We are not so rash as to prophesy what they will be. It is, however, the confident hope of the French Army, and no less of the British Army, that a united and strenuous effort may now be made successfully with the object of driving the Germans back from the French territory which they occupy. We hope that in good time they will be pushed out of Belgium also, but meanwhile our hopes are centred in France. It may well be, therefore, that a survey of the agricultural districts affected by the war will in more than a few weeks be able to cover much of the ground now in German occupation. This would, in a sense, render the report we summarise obsolete, yet not entirely so. The document is extremely useful, as showing the sort of farmer and peasant on whom German vengeance has been reeked. We can judge fairly well what they are by the number and character of the livestock they keep. A horse or two, a few cows, perhaps a hundred sheep, many rabbits—these are their livestock, and the crops they sow and reap correspond in character with the animals kept on the farm.

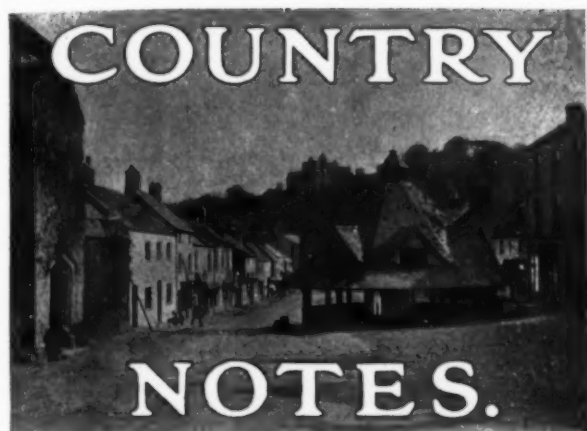
A great deal of the cultivation is evidently intended to feed the animals, that is to say, it is not grown directly for sale. Rye is an important crop, and travellers in rural France do not need to be told that it is a constituent in the bread of the poor. Indeed, at many a wayside cabaret very often this rye bread—made, we fancy, of rye meal and flour—with some of the wine of the country and the excellent cheese which they seem to make everywhere in France, forms the only obtainable meal. Those who made the report very properly refrain from devoting passion or rhetoric to the woes of the inhabitants, but content themselves with a quiet enumeration of the losses they have sustained. This was very proper on their part, but the English reader will not fail to have his imagination fired by those eloquent facts. The occupants of small holdings have been turned out of house and hold. The majority of these own the land they till, and have either themselves put up the houses and buildings on it or have inherited these from ancestors who did so. They have no other means of livelihood, except the few acres they work and the meadows and orchards supplementary to them. But modern war sweeps over the most idyllic countryside as ruthlessly as ever did the marauders in the Dark Ages swoop down upon a fertile plain.

They have left little or nothing behind. Blackened walls, cottages levelled with the ground, homesteads beaten down, the very ground quarried and ruined by shell fire—these are the desolate scenes which lie behind the Kaiser and his barbarian hordes. In good time, however, the French, we hope, will come to their own again, and we their Allies will be prepared to show that friendship is more than a matter of words between us. There are many still living who took part in the movement to revive and help French agriculture after the war of 1870. Indeed, we have before us the old number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in which all this is described. It is entitled "The French Peasant-Farmers' Seed Fund." Among the names of the executive committee are many very familiar in the annals of agriculture, such as Mr. T. Aveling, Mr. James Caird (afterwards Sir James Caird), Mr. Algernon Clarke, Captain Dashwood, Mr. C. B. Pitman, Mr. C. S. Read, Mr. W. Wells and so on. What was done in 1870 will be cheerfully repeated to-day if it be found necessary—and, indeed, some of the counties have already contributed most liberally towards that result.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of Major A. C. H. Maclean, Royal Scots, and of the Royal Flying Corps. Mrs. Maclean is the eldest daughter of Mr. G. P. Walker, of Heatherwood, Putney.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



IN this war Colonials are covering themselves with distinction. We have all been reading with admiration the most graphic and heartening account which the record officer of the Canadians sent home in regard to the staunch fighting of the men from the Dominion at Neuve Chapelle. It is equally gratifying to read the congratulations which the Board of Admiralty have sent to the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Governor of New Zealand. They refer to "the brilliant and memorable achievements of the Australian and New Zealand troops at the Dardanelles." What especially pleased our Australasian relatives was the message from the Admiralty that "The Fleet is filled with intense admiration at the feat of arms accomplished by the Army." Mr. Munro-Ferguson no doubt expressed the general opinion when he replied: "To win the admiration of the British tar is an honour worth having." It must be obvious that after the war the bonds of Empire will be drawn tighter than ever. At home and in the distant colonies men will remember with pride that they have fought like brothers together, and have taken an equal share in the ups and downs of war. No link could be stronger.

ON Monday the first nine months of the war were completed, and it is natural to take stock of the situation. It cannot be described as brilliant for any of the belligerents. The initial success went to Germany, but since the Battle of the Marne she has had very little to boast about, as the Battle of the Aisne, which followed at the end of October, resulted in a deadlock, from which none of the combatants has yet been able to emerge. The story from October up to now is one of minor successes and minor reverses on either side. Thus, whatever may happen, the prophecies with which the war was ushered in have been falsified. It was calculated that a conflict of such dimensions could not possibly be carried on for any length of time, because of the demand it would make upon human life and upon war material. Yet just now peace is no more within view than it was at the beginning. Let it be said, however, that we have arrived at a critical moment. After the first rush of the Germans had been checked, moderate and level-headed critics saw plainly that until the spring the Allies would not be able to bring their full forces into the field. They are, however, doing so now, and the time cannot be far distant when operations on a gigantic scale will hasten the end in one direction or in another.

ONLY the dullest imagination could fail to be stirred by the knowledge that where troops from India and New Zealand and Britain and Canada are gathered against the Turk, three thousand years ago took place that fight for Troy which lives in the world's greatest masterpiece in poetry. Therefore many will learn with pleasure that we have in preparation an article by Dr. Walter Leaf, dealing with the geography of the battlefield. The writer's opinion is very well known that the great struggle of the Greeks against the Trojans was based, like that between Great Britain and Germany, on commercial considerations. The shipmen of Greece for generations had watched the great spring fair at Troy, where sellers from all parts of the world brought their merchandise to be sold. They watched the Trojan people with envy, knowing that after the fair was over they withdrew into the castle or fort to feast during the winter months on the fruits of their enterprise, through which the city had amassed great riches. Few would have dared to

prophesy, even as late as ten or twenty years ago, that once more the fate of nations would be challenged on the same windy plains on which the heroes of the "Iliad" showed their prowess. No doubt for the moment interest in the result dominates everything else; but when the battle is over and the guns are silent, the philosopher and the student will find in recent occurrences abundant scope for comparison and meditation.

A CURIOUS circular has been sent out by the Board of Agriculture about farmers and the labour exchanges. A complaint is made about the failure of farmers to make use of this source of supply, and a very roundabout argument is employed to induce them to change their policy. It is said that their neglect of the labour exchange has "given rise to the belief in some quarters that the alleged shortage of agricultural labour does not exist," and they are urged to register their requirements because doing so "would afford the best possible evidence that the shortage of agricultural labour was so real and acute that those suffering from it were unwilling to leave any possible source of supply untried." Now, this roundabout method is not worthy of the Board of Agriculture. They know very well that farmers and representatives of agricultural societies have put it on record frequently that the labour exchanges are practically of no use whatever to them. Application results in there being sent to the farm either hands perfectly raw to agricultural work or idlers and loafers who very quickly dawdle back to the street corner again. Farmers would be very quick to make use of the labour exchanges if they found that they served the purpose; but to ask them to do so in order to make a show of the shortage of agricultural labour sounds more like a German than an English game.

THE ROAD TO MARYKIRK.

To Marykirk ye'll set ye forth
An' whistle as ye step along,
And aye the Grampians i' the North
Are glow'rin' on ye as ye gang.
By Martin's Den, through beech an' birk
A breith comes souglin', sweet an' strang
Along the road to Marykirk.

Frae mony a field ye'll hear the cry
O' teuchats, skirlin' on the wing,
Noo East, noo West, among the kye,
And smell o' whins the wind'll bring;
Aye, lad, it blaws a thocht to mock
The licht o' day on ilka thing—
For you, that went yon road last spring,
Are lyin' deid in Flanders, Jock.

VIOLET JACOB

AN excellent suggestion for at one and the same time reinforcing agricultural labour and helping a deserving class is offered by Mr. Fred W. Beaumont in a letter to the *Spectator*. It occurred to him after a friend had been obliged to sell his cows owing to the difficulty of finding milkers. "If those who are so nobly endeavouring to find employment for the wounded were to have some of the maimed, and possibly the blind, trained to milk, they would be doing the men a real service, and at the same time meet a real need in agricultural districts. It might be possible for such trained milkmen to serve on adjoining farms." There are few who will not endorse this proposal. It would not be at all difficult to carry into effect, and promises to go far towards meeting the difficulty. The suggestion that women should do the milking is not practical. A dairymaid gets on very well where only Ruby and Blossom are to be milked for household purposes, but milking a herd of dairy cows is too severe a trial for her wrists.

VERY great pains have been taken to explain away the extraordinary profit made during the past year by Spillers and Bakers. The most important excuse comes from the chairman of the company, Mr. William Edgar Nicholls. His argument was directed to the man in the street, who "is asked to believe that our larger profits made have been obtained because the 4lb. loaf has been advanced until it has reached 8½d." Mr. Nicholls made a comparison between the prices at London and various other places. While here we are paying 8½d. per 4lb. loaf, in Berlin the cost was from 10½d. to 11d. per 4lb. loaf, in Paris 7½d., in New York 1s. 1½d. and in Montreal 6½d. to 9½d. But this,

in point of fact, has very little to do with the question. In Great Britain we have free trade and an immense Navy, created, among other things, for the purpose of protecting our commerce. Germany is cut off from imports, and is practically in a state of siege. Therefore, any comparison between prices in Berlin and prices in London is altogether beside the mark. Besides, the difference is insignificant—8½d. in London and 10½d. to 11d. in Berlin, a matter of 2½d. at the most. Surely this points to iniquitous profit going somewhere. In Paris the price is 7½d., or less than in this free trade country. Mr. Nicholls will have to put up a very much stronger argument than this before he is able to convince his compatriots that an undue and most improper share of the profits is not going to the milling industry. If it were not for the middleman, prices should be lower in Great Britain by far than in any other part of Europe.

IN the recent naval engagement in the North Sea the Germans and the British were seen each in the rôle played by them at the beginning of the war. First come the Germans, who have made such a fearful outcry against the alleged harshness of the treatment of their submarine prisoners. Two of their torpedo-boats attacked a peaceful trawler which they had approached treacherously, without hoisting their colours. They sink this industrial vessel, and only one deck hand is saved by other trawlers, none at all by the marine assassins. Earlier in the day the destroyer *Recruit* had been sunk by a submarine, four officers and twenty-one men being saved by the trawler *Daisy*. British destroyers came up just after the trawler had been sunk and, after a brief running fight of about an hour, sent the destroyers to the bottom without sustaining any casualties, but they rescued two German officers and forty-four men from the sea and made them prisoners of war. In doing so they only followed the humane traditions of the British Navy; but how Germany can have the audacity to ask for kindlier treatment of her submarine prisoners is difficult to understand in face of her policy of cruelty and ruthlessness.

IN pursuance of the campaign against the disease-carrying fly, it has been arranged to have an educational exhibition in the Zoological Gardens. The idea is to show the common flies in this country and their breeding places, for the purpose of instructing the visitor how most effectually to get rid of them. The general object of the exhibition is to impress on the public the great danger that comes from the contamination of food by insects flying direct from the manure heap to the kitchen or the breakfast table. It is in the manure heap and in small quantities of manure that may be inadvertently left about that the fly breeds, and there the maggots can be most easily destroyed. Experts are agreed that if the numbers are to be diminished—and they certainly ought to be this year, when the number of wounded in our midst intensifies the danger—it is essential that they should be attacked in their breeding places. The American cry, "Swat that fly!" need not be repeated. The killing of the fly is a less important matter than the destruction of its eggs and maggots.

IT is a very great pleasure for us to publish in our "Correspondence" columns this week a letter from Mr. J. L. Dickie acknowledging a handsome tribute paid to his work by an anonymous correspondent who, following the fashion set by the fair ladies of yore when they wished to encourage their favourite knights, sent him a ring and a message. This is not the first occasion on which testimony has been borne by an anonymous member of the public to the skill and humour and occasional pathos with which Mr. Dickie has in our columns described incidents in the career of Peter Tamson, Elder of the Kirk. We have reason to know that he has won the gratitude of many by affording them an hour of healthy laughter. All the more is it to his credit that the theme is worn; the Scottish elder has been the target of much wit and satire in literature, before and after the time of Burns. But Mr. Dickie's Elder is of to-day, not a "holy Willie," but taken like a potato direct from the earth. We hope in the future to publish more of Mr. Dickie's stories, though in a private letter he plaintively expresses regret "that in my last one I took his leg off, as it is a handicap for his future appearance in your columns." In spite of this, we expect Peter Tamson on one leg will be just as amusing as he was with two. We refer to our contributor as "Mr." Dickie, but if we wished to be absolutely correct he should be styled either "Dr." Dickie or "Captain" Dickie, for he is at present serving His Majesty in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

A CORRESPONDENT in our literary page draws an ingenious comparison between the kind of poetry written about the nightingale and that about the cuckoo. Implicitly he recognises that the grandest poetry has been inspired by *Philomela*. We have the great ode of Keats, and we have nearly all the great poets—Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton, through a hundred others down to Wordsworth and Tennyson—all writing finely of the nightingale. His point is, that about it all there is a certain full-dress formality, as though the bards were moved more by intellectual admiration than natural instinct. With the cuckoo it is otherwise. This bird is in reality a very poor songster. It has a monotonous song that begins to jar before it is long with us. In character it is greedy and selfish. Instead of building a nest and rearing its own offspring, it foists its brood upon some unfortunate hedge-sparrow or robin, and the little savage begins by murdering its nest-mates. Yet, when all this is said, there is a heartiness, a note of joy, a gladness about the cuckoo songs that we do not associate with those addressed to the nightingale. He adduces certain old favourites in support of his argument, such as the famous cuckoo song of the Reading monks, and cites a little known madrigal that is thoroughly permeated with the same spirit. It looks to us as though he had made out an undisputable case for the cuckoo against the nightingale as the popular harbinger of spring.

"IL PAGLIACCI." PORTSMOUTH, 1915.

"The comedy is done," and the players pass
Each to his own more trivial puppet-show.
Canio's jealousy and Nedda's guilt,
—The knife he used, the roses in her hair,
Fade with the clown's white face and the wine he spilt
Into a place of memories at the last.
Out in the street the yellow gas-lamp's flare
Falls on a rain-soaked placard of the *Star*,
While a boy shouts of "Captured German hill"
(—Clatter of trams and roar of lumbering car,
And Pagliacci's wailing music still . . .)
—"The Russian battle,"—"Spy at Aldershot"—
A cheerful subaltern, erect and slim,
Laughs "It was really quite pathetic, what?"
—Whistles the serenade, completely wrong,
And hails a passing taxi. Wakeful, grim,
The searchlights jerk across the stormy sky
("Great loss of life,"—"A new position won,")
And through the town there moves an endless throng
Of hearts that question, as they hurry by,
"Dear God, when will the comedy be done?"

N. G.

NEVER did the Royal Academy open in circumstances like those of the present year. The exhibition, indeed, was shorn of the brilliant prelude which usually ushers it in. There was no banquet, and, therefore, none of the speeches from Cabinet Ministers which mingle art with politics and excite interest in the annual gathering. On the painters, too, public affairs exerted a certain paralysing influence. Some, as the walls testify, have been able to concentrate their minds on art, as though it were the only thing in the world, but, as Fielding said on a very different occasion, a man must be either a great hero or no hero at all to be able to do this. The average man, artist or no artist, has been this year too distracted with the affairs of the country to give himself up with the whole-hearted entirety of old to his favourite pursuit. Under the circumstances, therefore, it says a great deal for the artist that the exhibition is not very much below the standard of previous years.

IT will readily be admitted that the Admiralty are justified in deciding to impose certain limits on yachting during the present season. Boundaries are to be fixed at each harbour or estuary, outside of which no cruising of yachts or pleasure boats can be allowed. A regatta will not be permitted without the permission of the senior naval officer. What concerns the greater public still more is that excursions by steamer are practically stopped. The pleasure boat will only be permitted so far as it serves for the conveyance of necessities to places off the mainland. Even then, such sailings must be made under licences from the naval authorities. The latter are authorised to publish the limits within which pleasure cruising is allowed, and those who wish for information in regard to particular areas must apply to them.

WARLEY PLACE IN SPRINGTIME.

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

SPRING gardening is a development—one may almost say a creation—of our own generation. Half a century ago a garden, to most people, meant three months of summer bedding. As such I knew it at home when I was a small boy. I remember the extents of gravel meticulously swept and rolled, the acres of lawn over which hovered daisy-removing lads, the encompassing shrubberies where natural grace and even free blooming were sedulously suppressed by shears, the areas of beds—round and oval, oblong and square, crescent and star—which exhibited their brown nakedness all through the glorious spring days. But except when these same beds developed their patches and patterns of garish red and yellow and blue in August, I recollect very little flower, very little plant form, grouping and variety. There was a lack of intelligence even in the narrow scope that prevailed, and a general dullness which sufficiently accounted for the very limited interest that the art of gardening, in its outdoor manifestations, evoked in those days even among country dwellers.

Those days have gone by, and no one has worked harder and more efficaciously to produce the welcome revolution than Miss Willmott, whose spring gardening at Warley Place is the subject of the accompanying illustrations. She was one of those who decided that a garden could be a place of interest and joy from January to December, that it could stretch out into field and woodland, take on changing aspects and assume infinitely varying and yet largely natural forms. She was fortunate in that in her earliest years Dame Nature enabled her to step from the house straight into a sort of horticultural kindergarten; for, as every recurring March came to a close, she could see the picturesquely undulating and tree-set grass lands around her turning pale yellow with rifts and colonies and patches of Lent lilies dancing in the sun. From time immemorial they had peopled the meadows and nestled in the coppice. What could better awake the nascent attention of a child in whom the gardening instinct was strong? Perhaps there were a few

clumps of garden daffodils set at intervals in a garden border; but how weak and unsatisfying their effect, though gained by toil, when compared with this free gift of Nature, this effortless display, which was making an area primarily intended for utility far more beautiful than the area fenced in for mere amenity, and which thus drove you for æsthetic enjoyment out of the garden and into the field. Here was not merely pleasure to be idly gratified, but a lesson to be laboriously learnt. How could such scenes be multiplied and enhanced? How could the delightful way in which Nature sets and mingles her plants—now clustering and now sparse, here one kind and there another preponderating, and yet never excluding each other along harsh lines of demarcation and definite boundaries—be followed artificially and used as the basis for the adequate setting of many of the denizens of field and wood, rock and swamp, which we love to gather round us from all temperate parts of the globe? All this was found possible and is now done, but at no place better than at Warley, where it was early recognised that these natural methods were especially valuable for the spring garden. Large, level areas of dug ground, such as the herbaceous border, are best at the time of summer fulness, for they are very apt to wear a desolate look when the March wind parches the soil as yet only sparsely cloaked by the modest and occasional growths of spring. Yet at such a moment, how delightful amid early herbage and covering leaf are the groups of primrose in the wood, of daffodil in the mead, of celandine on the hedge bank.

Such effects of early revelry, of complete and joyous conquest of the soil by the plant meet one at every turn, and in rich variety, at Warley. It is a crowded gallery of masterpieces that Miss Willmott hangs all over her many garden acres when the year is yet young. The green hillsides with their giant beeches and chestnuts sweep down to the birches by the water's side, their verdure stained, chameleon-like, with varying and succeeding colonies of bloom. Daffodil time may give the fullest, but by no means the only, note of colour. Before it is the crocus, after it the



Reginald A. Malby.

DAFFODILS IN THE BIRCH GROVE.

Copyright.



Copyright.

SWEEPING DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE.

Reginald A. Malby.



Copyright.

THE HOME OF THE LENT LILY.

Reginald A. Malby.



A NATURALISED TRUMPET DAFFODIL.

fritillary. The daffodil itself takes many a form and hue. The main field areas are retained, indeed, by the Lent lily, but there is room also for many of its cousins. Miss Willmott has carefully collected many wild forms of narcissus from various countries, and all such as are apt for field

planting, as well as some garden varieties, are used in large manner among grass, the greatest care being taken, in both the selection and planting of subjects, to avoid any jarring artificial note. There is site and room for delightful and engaging variety—a new picture at every



Reginald A. Malby.

NARCISSUS RIPTS AMID SHRUBS.

Copyright.

turn—but nowhere too formal a setting, too mixed an effect. To fully appreciate the skill and knowledge displayed in this successful realisation of a fine conception Warley must be visited and studied, but much may be learnt from the accompanying most suggestive illustrations of the material used and the methods adopted.

Such extensive culture, such planting of early flowering subjects in mass, is the most telling form of spring gardening, and should—after due trouble taken to grasp how it is to be accomplished—be resorted to by all who have the space and the site—an orchard, a rough meadow, a copse, a piece of waste by pond or stream. But a more intimate, and quite as engaging a result, may also be obtained by intensive culture—by the fond use of odd and end nooks of the garden, where by skilful copying of some of Nature's ways there may be contrived a reasonably convincing little wilderness, with, perhaps, an upcrop of rock, but with avoidance of the lamentable stone-heap construction which too many folk dub their rock garden. Almost every conceivable effect of this kind we shall find excellently and judiciously realised at Warley. Crocus springing up on a grassy bank, snowdrop pushing through fern fronds, spring snowflake associated with the previous season's epimedium leaves, are sympathetically shown in the illustrations, but are a mere fragmentary sample of the multitude of little subjects used by Miss Willmott for rock garden grouping. From the house to an ancient tree-girt pond the ground falls rapidly, and at its steepest an Alpine dell, with trickling waters amid its rocks, has been created, which offers diverse sheltered aspects to a wide variety of choice shrub, bulb and plant, often of difficult culture. There is a whole world of anemones, primulas, erithroniums, and of the latter, while our common dog's-tooth violet stretches out amid the open grass where lawn and rockwork meet, all varieties of the tall and beautiful American section have been persuaded that everything they need in the world has been given them, and so vie with each other as to which shall be most robustly flourishing. To mention every interesting plant that blooms in spring at Warley were to write a lengthy catalogue, and assuredly one that would contain many a name unknown to most nurserymen's lists. The collection, hybridisation, propagation and cultivation of all that makes a garden choice and interesting has been a task to which Miss Willmott has largely devoted her exceptional intelligence and energy, and abundant success has been her reward.



CROCUS VERNUS AMID GRASS.



SNOWFLAKES AMONG EPIMEDIUMS.



Reginald A. Malby.

SNOWDROPS AMONG FERNS.

Copyright.

THE WORK OF THE LATE PHILIP WEBB

By E. L. LUTYENS, A.R.A.

IT must have been in 1891 that I first saw an example of Philip Webb's work, and I remember exclaiming, "That's good; I wonder who the young man is?" His name was unknown to me then, as it is even now unknown to many members of the architectural profession. The freshness and originality which he maintained in all his work I, in my ignorance, attributed to youth. Not then did I recognise it to be the eternal youth of genius, though it was conjoined with another attribute of genius—thoroughness. In Philip Webb's work every detail was carefully and equally thought out and fitted to meet its special requirements.

His great houses were never ostentatious, his cottages never mean. The criticism applied to modern English architecture by some Americans that it is Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne behind could never have been applied to Webb. Nor can one imagine a building of his which had to be planted out to make it acceptable. His work was regarded as an honour by the man who had to perform it. He did not degrade labour by forcing it to adopt unworthy methods and bad materials, and this is a fine thing to say of any architect. His work has never the sensationalism which so often results from sentimentalism, or from an architecture conceived in words and not materials. He added no façade that was not an integral part of his fabric, and at first sight his buildings often for this reason gave an impression of incompleteness; but this faded, and was replaced by the growth of an unconscious charm when the eye got accustomed to the surroundings and the logic of his construction was accepted. He had not that architectural sense which distinguished Inigo Jones, Wren and, later, Norman Shaw. His designs were, nevertheless, alive with a keen sense and knowledge of proportion. He conceived his buildings more in the spirit of a constructor rather than that of a scene painter, like a Vanbrugh conscious of the effect he was producing. His right use of material was masterly,

yet he was the servant of his material in the same way that a great statesman is servant to his public. He was fertile in invention, and though necessity was the mother of his invention, the father of it was never advertisement. His work had that quality of surprise which left one at first wondering, but which on closer acquaintance revealed an enduring charm born of proportion and the instinct for material. It was the apotheosis of construction rather than the mask of architecture so well understood by an Italian.

Had he started his career under the influence of Alfred Stevens rather than of Edmund Street, had he come into touch with those who could have bent his constructive genius to the grand manner in architecture, there would have been produced a man of astounding mark in the authentic traditional line of Western architecture.

There will never be great architects or architecture without great patrons. Webb was fortunate in these, and to their honour they gave him scope for his genius. He had the courage to refuse work which he felt to be incompatible with his ideals, and withstood what he must have considered ignoble in the modern world; nor is one ever conscious of his work having been designed to fit the pleasant phrases of artistic literature. In actual building, architecture as a fine art begins where literature stops; so it remains for all who appreciate good work to go and study Webb's, and to that end it should be the duty of the present generation to make a faithful and technical record of his work, illustrated by his working drawings, specifications and even quantities, for there was no item in the fabric of his building too small or trivial for him to consider and design to fit its purpose. This record should be accessible to the students of the day who will become the architects of to-morrow, so that they may be better equipped to attain to his ideal and to promote the appreciation of architecture as a fine art, and to endue all members of the building trades throughout the country with dignity and honour.



WAR-TIME AT ROMSEY.



INSPECTION OF TRANSPORT HORSES. KING'S OWN LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.

ROMSEY in Hampshire is one of the many pretty, drowsy old country towns that has been awakened and endowed with a new life and stir by the war. It is by nature one of the drowsiest, as it is also one of the most charming, and it has accepted its invasion with considerable tranquillity. Upon a time there were, so the books tell us, woollen manufactures and paper mills of much importance, but that time is long past. Nothing in particular seems to go on there to-day, and Romsey "dreams as she dwells apart." There is a little market place, looked on to by pleasant old inns with bulging windows, and in the middle a statue of Lord Palmerston, who lived at Broadlands Park hard by. Through this park, which is flat, green and peaceful, and dotted here and there with fine cedars, there runs the River Test, a name to thrill the fisherman, and it was here a year or two since that gallant horsemen galloped in a pageant that revived the ancient glories of the town. Above all, Romsey has an abbey church,

dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Elfeda, beautiful, solid and dignified, dominating the big stretch of rich, green country that surrounds it.

As the Canadian troops brought a strange bustle to Salisbury, which is another of the most deliciously restful places in England, so the Australian troops have done to



GOING FOR FORAGE.

Romsey. There has not been a very large number of them, but those that are there emphatically make their mark. Their brown leather caps, as brown as their sun-burned faces, and having a touch of something foreign and exciting about them, are wonderfully noticeable in the narrow little streets. The men are all dressed in the familiar regulation khaki; their caps constitute the only tangible mark to which we can point, and yet these Australians have a distinct character of their own written all over them. True there is one other little difference that should be mentioned. They are all, or very nearly all, clean shaven. The moustaches are clearly unpopular, and some perhaps rather half-hearted effort to induce the growing of them seems to have met with an eminently successful passive resistance. Apart from these details, however, there is about all the men a most notable look of fitness and hardness, of an open air life spent in uncrowded places. They have not quite the traditional carriage of the British soldier. They are something looser and freer, and give the impression that they keep their straightest backs, as they do their strictest discipline, for the parade ground, and put away from them the atmosphere of drill when they are not drilling. With this air of freedom they have also a remarkable air of capableness. The civilian as he looks at them feels sure that they would be extraordinarily good at "doing things"—building a hut, making a fire, catching a horse, dealing with any of those out-of-doors emergencies which would make that civilian himself feel, as a rule, peculiarly helpless; in short, that they would be very good campaigners. They are very much at their ease and very friendly. "Oh, that's all right. We like everyone to know us," said one of them to the writer in response to



ON ROMSEY BRIDGE.

thanks for questions most kindly answered. And that little speech seems to sum up their demeanour, ready and a little rough, open-hearted and full of good fellowship.

The Australians have been billeted in the town, and so there is no camp of theirs to be seen, but there is an imposing array of motor transports. A very short walk brings us into Broadlands Park, and here on delightful dry, springy turf (what a contrast to some camps that one has seen in a winter of mud!), and duly guarded by sentries with fixed bayonets, the motors are drawn up in long, grey lines. Their exact numbers it would be difficult to count and indiscreet to mention, but there are a great many, and they look so big and heavy that it is difficult to realise that all those monsters have been put on board ship and brought all

the way from Australia. When the war broke out, these motors were performing their ordinary civil avocations in their native streets; but they were promptly commandeered, put into their present uniform of grey paint and became military. Besides the lorries there were two travelling workshops containing a forge and every other conceivable device, and having room for a dozen or so of men and the capacity to get over the ground at fifteen miles an hour with a little additional spurt in hand in case of emergencies.

In addition to the Australians, Romsey is harbouring a Scottish regiment, so that there are really soldiers everywhere. The first sign of their presence was, in our case, a startling one. Having wandered first of all into the peaceful twilight of the Abbey Church and, coming back towards the market place through the Abbey Gate, we heard with a sudden shock of surprise the always exciting sound of the



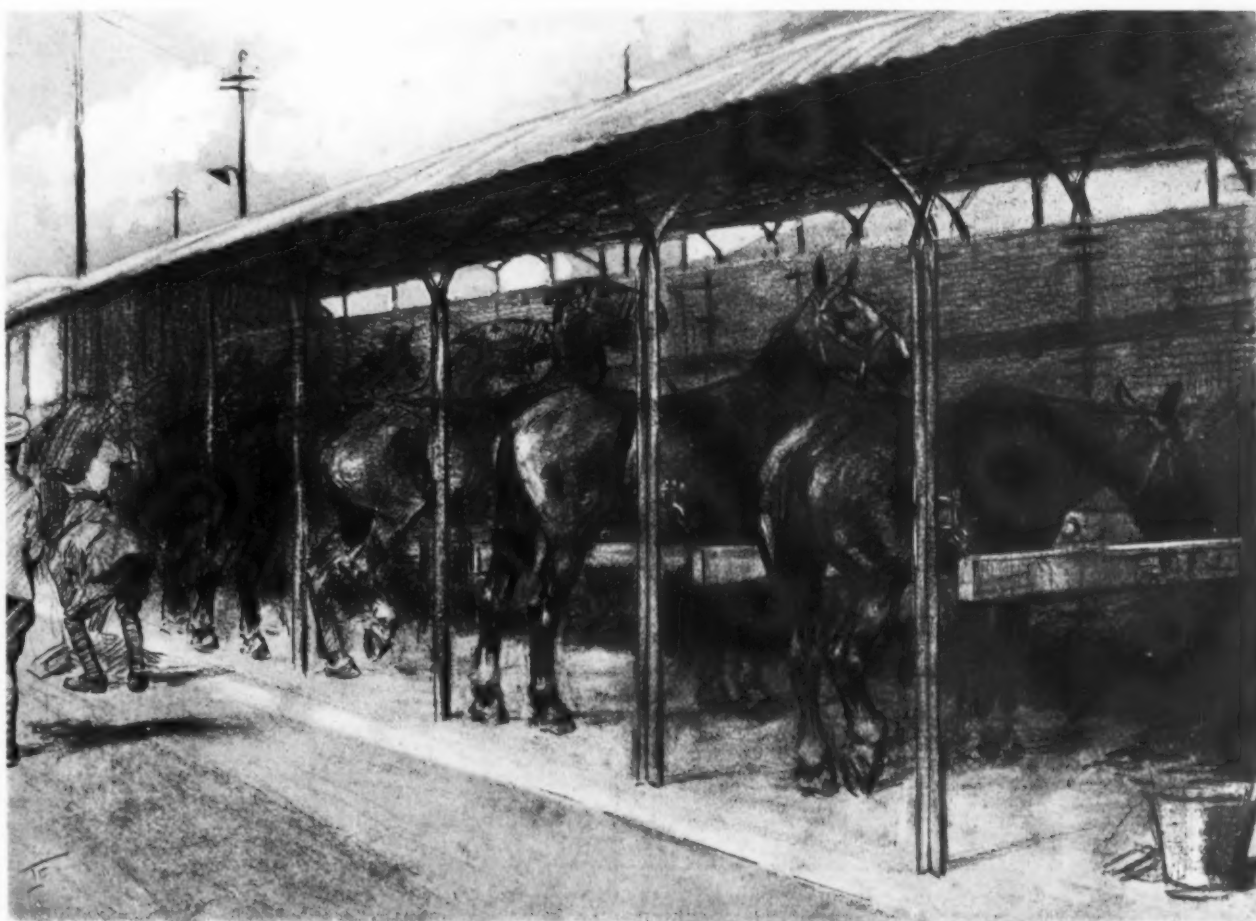
AUSTRALIANS.



A GROUP OF HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.



"FIVE THOUSAND HORSES FIELD."



THE REMOUNT DEPOT: GUN-HORSES IN THE STABLES.

pipes. It seemed somehow extraordinarily inappropriate, but there could be no possible mistake about it, and there sure enough in the market place the band of the Highland regiment was assembling and the pipers were practising noises—if an Englishman may so term them—of variously trenchant degrees. This was the one thing that seemed thoroughly to arouse Romsey from its normal lethargy. The inhabitants with one accord ceased to "do nothing in particular and do it very well," and gazed with rapt attention on the band until it marched away. Up another street not long afterwards there came the brass band of the Australians, and these, too, had their supporters; but they could not compete on level terms with the thrill of the pipes.

The Australians and the Scotsmen do not complete the list of Romsey's military interests, for a large number of horses are also to find a home near by. "Over the humpy-backed bridge," was the direction how to find it as given by an Australian, and accordingly a rather hot walk was undertaken over the river and up an exhaustingly steep hill on the road to Lyndhurst. At the top of the hill is a big meadow,

so big as to be almost a prairie, and here, with a lovely view all round them, the horses will live. On this particular occasion the prairie was full of mysterious frameworks, which looked as if they were the skeletons of mammoth horses of a bygone age. These skeletons were painted red, and stretched as far as the eye could reach. In a few cases they were taking on a covering of grey flesh, and then they began to look like what they really were, namely, rows of stables.

Everywhere there was the sound of hammering—the sound that broke out all over England last August and has not yet stopped. As we came away down the hill again we could not help aimlessly wondering for how many years Romsey will retain the memory of this sudden break in its ordinary life. Will that big field be called "The Five Thousand Horses Field"? Will the little boys who now stand staring in the market place tell their children how once the Australian motors made ruts in Broadlands Park? Or will the horses and the stables and the motor transport vanish completely away and Romsey go entirely to sleep again?

THE BRITISH MASTIFF.

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.

SO long as the temper of the British race remains what it is, courage in man or beast will be a quality held in high esteem, respected above most others. Beauty we can respect, too, especially in the animal creation. Were it otherwise, we should be less absorbed in

breeding pedigree stock, although the incentive of competition against our fellows also serves as an inducement towards the attainment of perfection. I may be told that the mastiff is not a beautiful creature, but I must confess that he appeals to me vastly with his massive frame, each part well proportioned to the other, and his suggestion of an immense capacity for holding his own in any little bickering. Like the British soldier, he is not in the habit of acknowledging defeat. I have quoted before Shakespeare's tribute to the breed as of unmatched courage, to which the French Prince replied: "Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed likerotten

apples. You may as well say, that a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion." It is not everyone that can understand the great heart that beats under the tawny coat, any more than the Germans seem to understand our men in France and Belgium. "Just, just," was the Constable's

comment on the Duke's remark, "and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives." Old Dr. Caius, writing in the middle sixteenth century, found the dog repulsive: "The mastiff or barn dog is vast, huge, stubborn, ugly, and eager, of a heavy

and burdensome body, and therefore of but little swiftness, terrible and frightful to behold, and more fierce and fell than any Arcadian cur; notwithstanding they are said to have their generation from the valiant lion. They are called Villatica, because they are appointed to watch and keep out-of-the-way farm places. For it is a kind of dog capable of courage, violent and valiant, striking fear into the hearts of man, and standing in fear of no man; and no weapon will make him shrink or abridge his boldness."

We will forgive the worthy doctor his criticism upon the appearance of the dog for his eulogy of his disposition. Another writer about the same period—Conrad Heresbach—outlined the qualities



T. Fall.

VERETON SIR TITUS.

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desired: "His disposition must be neither too gentle nor too curt, that he must neither fawn upon a thief nor flee from his friends; very waking, no gadder abroad nor lavish of his mouth, barking without cause: neither make it any matter though he be not swift, for he is but to fight at

home and to give warning to the enemy." Gay, the poet, has sung of "A mastiff of true English blood," who "Loved fighting better than his food."

He gloried in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

In speaking of the mastiff as one of our oldest breeds we must discard from our minds the statement made by Jesse, and frequently repeated, to the effect that the Romans appointed a Procurator Cynegii, whose business it was to breed and transmit these dogs to the Amphitheatre in Rome, for the Rev. M. B. Wynn, who has written so learnedly on the subject, pointed out some time ago that the word was a misspelling, and should really have been "cynæcii," which refers to the weaving of linen and similar fabrics.

In some respects the modern dog has changed considerably within the last thirty-five years, especially in the formation of head, which has now become much shorter in the foreface. At first, pushed only to a modified extent, this seemed beneficial to the appearance, but, as so frequently happens in such circumstances, the tendency degenerated into a craze for a time; breeders, in the endeavour to obtain this one point, overlooking others that were far more essential. Soundness was much neglected, many cow-hocked, crooked specimens finding their way on to the bench, with nothing to recommend them behind the head. Whether on this account, or because the attractions of other breeds proved too seductive, I cannot say, but the fact remains that several, who had once owned commanding kennels, fell away from their allegiance, and mastiffs have largely been compelled to appeal to a new public. Fortunately, recent indications suggest a distinct revival, and it will make glad the hearts of many if these splendid creatures once more come into their own again. That it is possible to get them with good pasterns and feet and sound behind is undeniable, as one may see from some of the best that are exhibited. At the same time, too many still appear that are only fit to be kept at home as companions. A wide line of demarcation may be drawn between the aristocracy and democracy, and it is regrettable that the ranks of the former are not more numerous.

One of the strongest kennels of the day is that owned by Mr. W. H. Shackleton of Keighley, who can boast of being the only owner of two living champions that have won all the cups offered, and are now barred from the Mastiff Club's 40-guinea cups, having won them five times. These notabilities are Champion Viscount of Lidgett, the brindle dog, and Champion Brompton Duchess, the fawn bitch. At the last show held by the Kennel Club the former was *proxime accessit* in the competition for the best dog in the show. He must be pretty good to reach such a position as this in the company that usually faces the all-round judges at the Crystal Palace. The record of both is so familiar that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it. A dog puppy from these two, Vereton Sir Titus, is now advanced enough to justify one in speaking with some degree of confidence about his future. In every way he promises to be a worthy successor to his illustrious sire, whom he will probably surpass in size when full grown. He is perfectly straight, with a better stifle. The bulldog, Eldwick Monarch, whose picture accompanies those of his larger kennel companions, patently has his merits. There is much character about him, and his head shows clear signs of the double dose of "Stone" blood in his veins. Indeed, at the show of the Yorkshire Bulldog Club he was awarded the special for the best headed dog present, in addition to two first prizes.

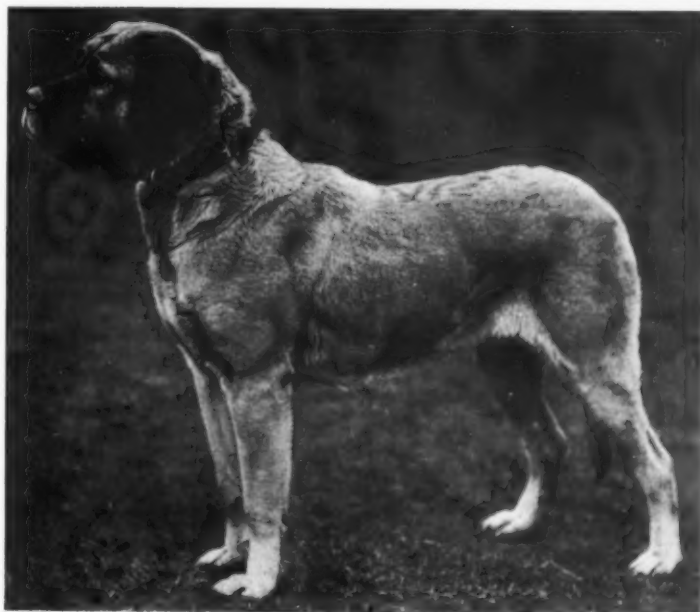
Mr. Shackleton is a believer in plenty of meat and bones for the mastiffs, and a lot of exercise, and he considers the question of housing is of considerable importance, since, as a breed, they are prone to rheumatism, which soon twists them up, making them go stiff and proppy. Most big dogs, as they advance towards middle life, also suffer from unsightly



CH. VISCOUNT OF LIDGETT.



CH. BROMPTON DUCHESS.



T. Fall.

VERETON MURIEL.

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callosities, caused through lying about on hard surfaces. It is very difficult to prevent these, for, no matter how deeply they may be bedded on straw, they generally manage to sweep it away. Mr. Shackleton is inclined to think that we have lost size in this breed, though, being quite young, he is unable to speak from personal recollection of bygone celebrities. That is my own impression, too, taking the average, and not arguing from the leading half-dozen. Adult dogs used to weigh anything from 165lb. to 170lb., and bitches between 130lb. and 140lb. I have no data as to the weights at the present time. In looking through two tables of figures published a few years ago by Mr. J. Sidney Turner, I was surprised to find how slight the increase of weight was after the twelfth month, although I suppose we should not consider a mastiff to have reached full maturity until approaching his second birthday. Take the case of Orlando as an example. At twelve months he weighed 170lb., which he only increased by a couple of pounds at maturity. Hotspur's increase was identically the same, but The Lady Gladys and The Lady Isabel put on 8lb. and 15lb. respectively, which implies that the ladies do not arrive at their full charms at as early an age as the dogs.

Noting this extraordinary rate of development within a year, it is easy to see that any amount of bone-forming food must be supplied. The rate of growth is at its greatest between the third and the eighth month, which may be described as the critical period, during which malformations may appear, if, as Mr. Turner points out, the strength of the bones is not sufficient to bear the weight imposed upon them. Exercise needs much discretion also, enforced walking to the point of fatigue being distinctly injurious, but the puppies should have unlimited freedom in which to play about.



CH. BROMPTON DUCHESS—A PORTRAIT STUDY.

Mr. Shackleton is hopeful as to the future, believing that before long the breed will regain its former position. Mr. W. K. Taunton, too, who has kept in close touch for more years than



T. Fall.

CH. VISCOUNT'S HEAD.

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I should care to say, is less pessimistic than usual in his *Kennel Gazette* retrospect: "During the early part of the year several mastiff owners, who had but recently taken up the breed, sought admission to the Old English Mastiff Club, which is a healthy sign, and some who have given up the breed for some time are again joining the ranks of breeders." Any indications of progress, no matter how small, lend encouragement to the wish that such a noble race of dogs, essentially British for many centuries past, should once again throw down a challenge to those who have passed them so far in the race. Not the dog for a small house, perhaps, but those who have plenty of room and want a guard that is goodly to look upon might well encourage breeders by purchasing mastiff puppies.

SPANIEL BREAKING.

AMID the copious literature upon Gundogs the working spaniel has been somewhat neglected, or, at least, has not received that individual attention warranted by his usefulness,

and it is consoling to feel that, after waiting so long, a really satisfactory monograph has appeared. In the best sense of the phrase, Mr. H. W. Carlton's "Spaniels: Their Breaking for Sport and Field Trials" (Horace Cox) supplies a long felt want, and our obligation to the author is strengthened by the fact that he has extracted a charming little introduction from the skilled pen of Mr. W. Arkwright. In making these remarks it must not be understood that I am in any sense depreciating what has already been done by various writers in the past. In "The Sporting Spaniel" Colonel Claude Cane and Mr. C. A. Phillips have produced a work of the first importance, but its price places it beyond the reach of every man, and its scope is different. Mr. Carlton is concerned wholly with the question embraced in his title. Mr. Arkwright points out that the spaniel is undoubtedly the most generally useful of all sporting dogs to the sportsman, being able to understudy, on an emergency, all the other members of the family—be they pointers, setters or retrievers, while none of these can return the compliment.

The preface serves as a warrantable excuse for introducing Mr. Arkwright's views on choosing a puppy, which it will not be out of place to recapitulate. Quoting the French proverb as to the good dog coming from hunting stock, he insists that the puppy should have a first-rate dam—one that excels in natural talent, and one, if possible, that is the favourite shooting companion of her master. "Choose from the litter a puppy with a big, round skull, well filled over the temples, and a look of dauntless curiosity in his well opened eyes." The natural qualities, which cannot be put into the pupil by the most capable master, he classifies as (1) docility, which is the wish to learn; (2) courage, which makes a dog unconscious of fatigue—which will crash him through thorns and bramble and gorse—which will force him across a river in flood; (3) nose, which really stands for keenness of scenting power combined with the sense to apply it aright; (4) style, which is chiefly merry bustle, with flashing, quivering tail, and head ever alert, now high to reach a body scent, now low to investigate a track—attributes that are most precious to a tired man or to one vexed at a bad shot. Two additional qualities that are often natural, but, if not natural,

that may be to a certain extent acquired, are retrieving and water work. Mr. Carlton sets out his lessons in some detail, in the hope that his notes may come into the hands of spaniel owners who are innocent of the most rudimentary ideas of spaniel work. Field trials evidently have his approval, as they have the approval of many other good sportsmen who wish to get the highest possible finish upon their dogs. "Work at field trials," he

insists, "is only work in the field brought to a state more nearly bordering on perfection, with spaniels possessing exceptional natural ability. To break for sport and to break for field trials are one and the same thing, and there is nothing mystic or occult about either of them. Given natural ability, perfect work depends upon the perfection of the preliminary course—generally termed 'hand-breaking'—and the application of this perfection to work in the field. It is as reasonable to expect perfect work in a spaniel whose hand-breaking has been neglected as it would be to expect a child to read before he has learned his alphabet. The work of our best field trial spaniels appears to those who see it for the first time nothing short of a marvel; yet it is but the climax of a carefully graduated series of lessons, each lesson repeated until it becomes second nature, and even when thoroughly learned repeated again and again, lest its impression fade."

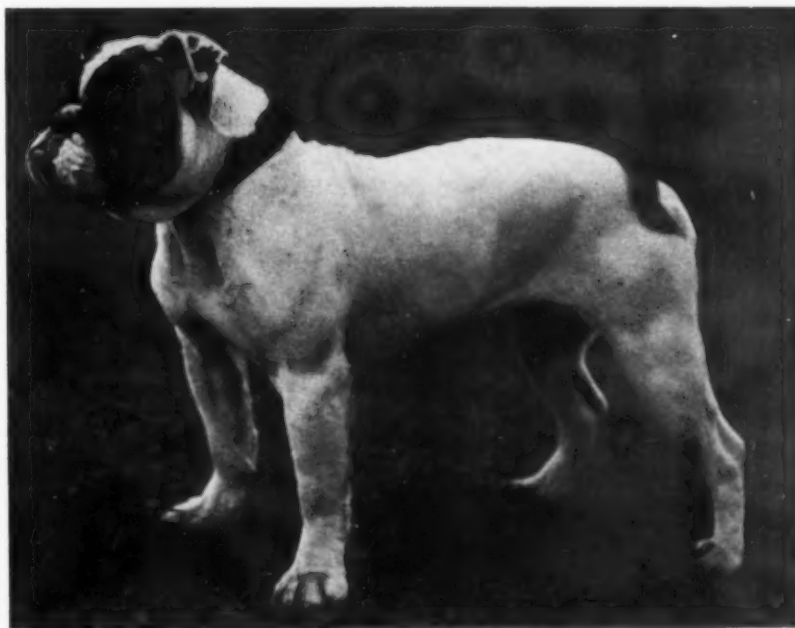
Many of the general principles enunciated by the author might well be considered by every person who wants to make an ordinary dog more companionable by the exhibition of perfect manners. You must teach your spaniel what you want him to do, see that he does it at times when there is no strong counter attraction, and that he does it when he particularly wants to do something else. In short, teach the dog "that certain words and signs on your part must be followed at all times—in the end instantaneously—by certain acts on his. To achieve this it is absolutely necessary that each word or sign should have one meaning to the dog, and only one." Again, "It is also necessary that you should never give the word or sign without seeing to it that the appropriate act follows. It will not do if the act follows sometimes, it must do so always—without exception. Every time a command is given and compliance does not follow or is not enforced, you will have lost ground." These are precepts for every dog owner. On the question of punishment he is also very sound. "Never punish your dog for disobedience until you are sure that he not only understands the meaning of your command, but also knows that it is incumbent upon him to obey it—

not merely optional. If you are uncertain of this, give the dog the benefit of the doubt."

Clearly through all the preliminary remarks runs the lesson that all does not depend upon the dog. One cannot expect breaking to result in even progress. "One day all will go well, the next your puppy can do nothing right. He has his good days and his bad, but so have you. Your humours act and react on one another. On his bad days blame yourself, get him to perform well some easier task, and take him home." "When you give a command or signal to your dog, do it with your whole heart. The flabbier your state of mind, the flabbier is your dog's response. The intangible bond between man and dog varies much with various dogs and varies more with various



THE MONARCH'S HEAD.



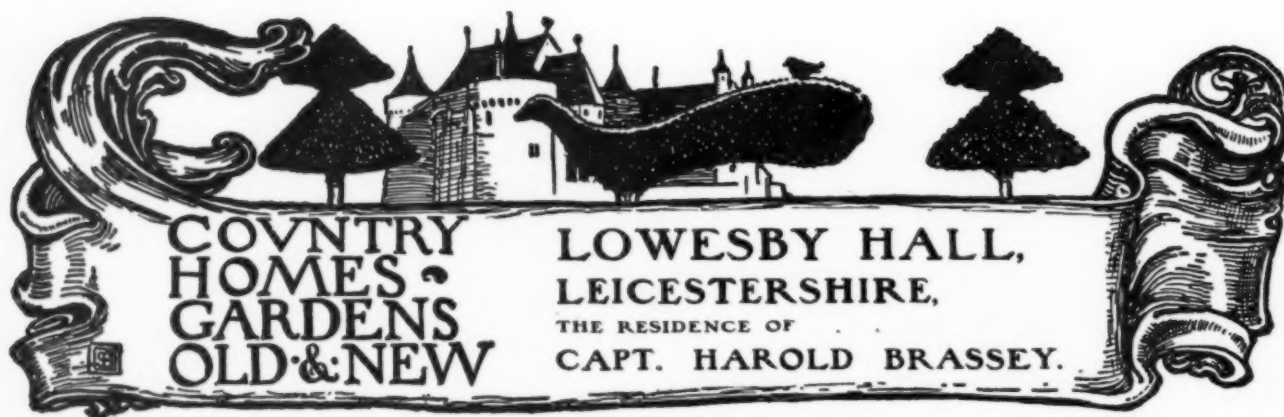
T. Fall.

ELDWICK MONARCH.

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men." One could go on almost indefinitely quoting passages to show that Mr. Carlton is not only a discerning man with a knowledge of human nature, but that he has that "dog sense," without which no human being can establish really enduring respect between himself and his canine friends. This is not merely a book on spaniel breaking but one that can be read with pleasure by those who are not particularly interested in the subject.

A. C. S.



NINE miles east of Leicester, and rather less than that distance south of Melton Mowbray, in the pleasantly undulating part of the shire which bears the name of High Leicestershire, stands Lowesby Hall. The hamlet spells itself either Lowesby or Loseby; the railway station declares for Loseby, but the Hall is firm for Lowesby. Either, no doubt, is more grateful to a modern ear than Louseby, as it was spelt by the county antiquary, Burton, in 1622. Its position has many attractions. Not so prominently pitched as its near and greater neighbour, Quenby Hall, it stands well on the edge of a raised plateau, with a picturesque church close at hand among the trees. On the south side the ground slopes sharply down to a small sheet of water, below which runs a stream. On the west side and the north spreads an extensive park, through which a high road passes. The Hall itself is of red brick, mellowed and softened by time, with a shallow tiled roof and an abundance of white sash windows. It has the true Georgian air of solid, homelike, dignified comfort. Not one of the greater, lordlier mansions, Lowesby is a true country hall, and looks like having been for generations a home of squires, devoted to the agricultural interest, fox-hunting and Church and State.

Lowesby has been in the possession of several distinguished families. For many centuries it belonged to the Burdets—*antiqua Burdutorum familiæ sedes*, says an old chronicler—and passed from them to one of the Ashbys, a branch of the Ashbys of Quenby. Richard Ashby of Quenby, who died in 1577, married Barbara Ashby of Lowesby, who lived to

the great age of one hundred and five, and it was their son, George, who bought Lowesby on the death of his cousin, Thomas Ashby, in 1604. But the two estates were not long united, for the next owner of Quenby sold Lowesby, very likely on account of the great expense to which the family had been put by the rebuilding of their principal mansion.

Lady Dormer next appears as the owner of Lowesby. At her death it passed to her granddaughter, Lady Anne Somerset, whose father was the Marquess of Worcester, and then, by a very odd transaction, it was bought by Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle throughout the Civil War, and one of those who signed the warrant for King Charles' execution. The story, and it is a very curious one, is told in detail by Lucy Hutchinson, in her memoirs of her husband. Lady Anne was a girl of nineteen, and wanted money. But being a Roman Catholic she could not sell without sanction of Parliament, and the Long Parliament, of course, was little disposed to oblige a Papist. So she came to Colonel Hutchinson, "with whom she had some alliance," and begged him either to buy Lowesby himself or to secure leave from Parliament for her to sell. He first tried the latter course, but was refused, and then he was again importuned to buy, and Lady Anne's agents offered him time for payment till he could sell his own property at Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire. At last he consented to purchase, and paid in addition £2,000 for taking off the sequestration which had been placed upon the estate by the Parliament. The bargain proved a very good one.





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GARDEN FRONT FROM SOUTHWEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE NEW GARDEN STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mrs. Hutchinson says that the Colonel "much improved the estate to a fourth part more than it was when he bought it." So Lady Anne began to regret that she had sold, and schemed with her husband in order to get it back. They first brought a chancery suit, which failed, and later, at the Restoration, "when the Parliament men began to come into question for their lives," made renewed efforts to induce the Colonel to part with Lowesby, and represented to his wife that it would be well for her husband if he took their offer and cleared out of the country before the storm broke. But Lucy Hutchinson was not the sort of woman to be frightened by menaces, and said that she would hazard it with the rest of her estate rather than make such "desperate bargains." So Lowesby remained in the possession of the Hutchinsons, until she herself, after her husband's death in 1664, voluntarily parted with the property.

There is a tradition at Lowesby that Lucy Hutchinson wrote part of the famous "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson" while she lived at Lowesby,



Copyright.

DOOR IN ENTRANCE FRONT.

"C.L."

and that may well be so. It is plain from her book that Owthorpe was their principal residence during her husband's lifetime, especially during his later years, when he was in virtual retirement from public life. But as Owthorpe passed to his son by an earlier marriage, she may very well have gone to Lowesby after his death, and it is pleasant to think that some of those fascinating pages were penned in this delightful old house.

Colonel Hutchinson had a passion for planting trees, and it is not at all improbable that the improvements which he made at Lowesby included the laying out of the grounds. It is worth noting that at Owthorpe he is said to have turned a swampy morass "into a great number of canals and planted the ground between them, leaving room for walks, so that the whole formed at once a wilderness or bower, reservoirs for fish and a decoy for wild fowl." So it is surely a fairly reasonable conjecture that the series of small lakes at Lowesby and the long line of paths — still remembered

by some of the oldest folks of the district—which used to wind in and out among them, were the handiwork of Colonel Hutchinson.

Lucy Hutchinson had no children and, doubtless, finding the place too big for her, sold it to one Richard Woollaston, who had been a gun-founder to Oliver Cromwell and later was Master of Ordnance to William III. His grandson got into pecuniary difficulties in 1720, at the time of the South Sea Bubble, and Lowesby was sold and the deposit paid, but as the purchaser could not complete, the deposit

This Sir Thomas Fowke, whose portrait is on the great staircase at Lowesby, carried at Minden the standard of the cavalry regiment which is now the Scots Greys, fought in the American Wars, and subsequently was Groom of the Bedchamber and Equerry to the "Butcher" Cumberland. His father before him had been a soldier of some note in his generation and had been Governor of Gibraltar in 1753. Lowesby still remains in the possession of the Fowkes, though the present owner, Sir Frederick Fowke, now lives a few miles away at Gaddesby Hall, and has let Lowesby for a term of



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THE TERRACE STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was forfeited and the owner was enabled to remain in possession. The elder son sold his interest in the estate for £8,000, so it passed to the younger, who succeeded to the baronetcy of Lawrence of St. Ives, on the death of an uncle in 1749. This Sir Isaac left a posthumous son, who died young, and two daughters. The elder took the estate at St. Ives as her portion and the younger succeeded to Lowesby, which she carried by marriage to Sir Thomas Fowke of Staffordshire, in favour of whose son the recently extinct Baronetcy of the Lawrences and the Woollastons was revived in 1814.

years to Captain Harold Brassey, who, during his tenancy, has done much towards restoring the gardens to the beauty which they once possessed.

The main entrance is on the north side, and is approached from the road and the park by a broad stretch of grass plot, fringed with trees along the drive at either side, of about the same width as the house itself. The wings with their quaint pyramidal roofs help to make a very pleasing picture. This front has been considerably altered from its original design. The pediment above the older entrance is half hidden by the later addition, and the round windows.



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THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on either side the original coat of arms are almost concealed. This contained the arms of the Woollastons; the much plainer coat above the new entrance shows the fleur-de-lys of their successors, the Fowkes. What was added was a new front between the two wings, forming a corridor for greater interior convenience and also to prevent the main door from entering straight into the great hall as it did in the original plan. The Georgian entrance door is a replica of those on the south and west sides.

The chief feature of the interior is the great hall, a fine square apartment, panelled in deal half way up the walls, and

places, according to the artist's designs. It is a ceiling which recalls those at Hampton Court.

Where sprawl the nymphs of Verrio and Laguerre.

The most pleasing parts of the painting are the borders, especially the group of the Cytherean goddess surrounded by a cluster of amorette, some of whom are playing with Venus' doves, others are feeding her swans, while others, again, are playing with Cupid's bow and arrows. One is proudly showing the goddess that an arrow has pierced a heart-shaped target right in the centre, and Venus smiles



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THE STAIRCASE, SHOWING DETAIL OF LEAF CARVING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

leaving ample margin for a deep frieze, which is adorned by old portraits and trophies of the chase. Its painted ceiling dates from the time of the main alteration by the first baronet, Sir Frederick Fowke, and the painting was probably done by an Italian artist, whose name is not recorded, but of whom the legend remains that he was lame, and died before the whole work was completed. What happened then, apparently, was that the uncompleted figures were cut out in coloured velvets and pasted on to the ceiling in their

an indulgent approval, and "chucks"—if, without loss of dignity, a goddess can be said to chuck—the baby archer under the chin. Some of the larger velvet figures in the ample expanse of the ceiling proper border the ridiculous more closely than the sublime. But one must not scrutinise too narrowly these velvet deities.

It will be noticed that in the illustrations the hall is shown furnished as a dining-room. Since the photographs were taken it has been transformed into the drawing-room,

and the dining-room is now the room on the left of the entrance from the garden front. This is a beautifully proportioned room, with a fine marble fireplace, and in it stands the lacquer corner cupboard shown in the illustration—a masterpiece of its kind.

The great oak staircase, which is one of the beauties of Lowesby, originally stood in the great hall, of which it must have been the chief adornment. In its present position its full beauty is lost, and no architect would have thought of designing such an elaborate structure without giving a spacious

rooms on the ground floor at Lowesby are unusually small and call for no remark.

The south or garden front of Lowesby is incomparably the most beautiful. Here is nothing that one wishes away. Even the annexe at the side has almost ceased to look like an addition, so perfectly it accords with the main building, and it has the same windows in its sloping roof, and a similar beautiful door of entrance. Along the whole length of the house runs a broad terrace, the further end of which, alongside the annexe, has been paved with flagstones on which stand



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THE HALL, NOW THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and imposing approach. It is an exquisite staircase of three flights, the landing between the first and second being supported on choicely carved pillars, surmounted by a cornice of rich plasterwork. The balusters are alternately twisted and fluted, carved in rich detail, and the handrails are equally lavishly adorned. The smaller staircase illustrated is in the annexe. It stands to the grand staircase in much the same relation as the annexe itself stands to the original house. Apart from the hall and the dining-room, the other

shapely shrubs in wooden boxes. Below the terrace is a broad lawn, approached by a flight of segmental steps, opposite the door of the hall. This stone staircase, grey but little worn by time, is one of the most beautiful features of the garden front, and the steps themselves are enriched by masses of tiny flowering plants that have made their home in the interstices, and give it a look of carefully tended abandon. The rose garden is at the side of the lawn beneath the terrace, retained by a sloping sun-burnt bank

of old brick wall, which forms a very rock garden in itself, and carries the eye up to the massed trees above it. A summer house, hexagonal in form, with solid brick columns, is in the corner of the garden. Below the lawn the ground drops steeply to an oblong basin of water, and below that again there runs a little stream, the Wreke. At one time these lower garden grounds at Lowesby were of very considerable extent, with six miles—so tradition says—of gravel walks. In the last century they were suffered to fall into neglect, and only within recent years has the lower garden been reclaimed from the wilderness into which it had relapsed.

Lowesby is in the heart of some of the best hunting country in England, and for some years of last century was let to the Fifth Marquess of Waterford, who met with the accident which crippled him for life not many miles away. There are two relics of his occupation of Lowesby. One is a five-barred gate, which now hangs as a trophy on a wall in the garage. This gate the Marquess set up in the hall and, riding into the house on a favourite hunter, cleared it to the

picture of a Mrs. Greenhill, who had thirty-nine children by the same husband and confided to a friend her sure conviction that "if her husband had lived she might have had two or three more." A mother in Israel indeed! A biographical note adds that the College of Heralds paid its respectful tribute to such rare fecundity by an addition to the arms of the family. There is also a ghost at Lowesby. One of the small bedrooms on the south side is haunted by the presence of a lady who restlessly walks there at night carrying in her hand a child's chair. In this room is a large cupboard-like projection, now sealed up, which was originally carried down into the room below. Report says that many years ago the skeleton of a little child was found behind the woodwork in the lower room, and there is a vague tradition of one of the ladies of the house of Woollaston who had a misadventure in the eighteenth century and whose rest even now is broken by the remembrance of guilt.

Round and round the ghosts of beauty glide
And haunt the places where their honour died.



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THE HALL: WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

admiration of his companions. This seems to have been a favourite exploit of the Beresfords, for a similar feat was accomplished by an earlier Marquess of Waterford, in 1835, in the Rochester Room of the White Hart Inn at Aylesbury, with the additional glory in that case that he rode his horse up a staircase to reach the room. The other relic of this noble sportsman's occupation of Lowesby is found in the wooden-looking legs of the portrait of Sir Edward Lawrence opposite the entrance door. The original legs were shot off by the Marquess in a frolic and replaced none too artistically by this most unshapely pair.

The pictures at Lowesby are of small interest, save a large portrait of General Ireton by Honthorst, on the staircase. Its provenance is unknown, but it may have come down from the time either of Colonel Hutchinson or Richard Woollaston. Both were certainly well known to the great Parliamentary leader, who married Cromwell's daughter, Bridget, and was by far the ablest of all the Protector's close associates. In one of the smaller rooms is a quaint little

The scandal has grown dim with years, but the ghost still walks to the bewilderment and disturbance of those who sleep in that particular apartment. F.

PRIMAVERA.

Not as she came in gladder days aforetime,
Swift as a child to greet the laughing sunlight,
Comes through the crocus fields Demeter's daughter
Homeward from Hades;

Vainly the earth is decked to bid her welcome;
Tears dim her shining eyes, her footsteps falter;
Still, though she treads once more the flower-strewn meadows
Death holds her captive.

ANGELA GORDON.

THE NEED FOR VILLAGE INDUSTRIES

THE need for village industries and the movement for the extension of small holdings are very closely related. A man who tries to make his living out of a few acres of land finds himself very busy for six or eight months in the year and practically idle for the remainder. He could do with help in the season for cultivation, sowing and planting, and probably needs help for hoeing and weeding, in harvest and in potato picking. But when this last operation is concluded he finds himself with very little to do for the remainder of the winter. He is thrown back, in fact, to the state of things that prevailed in Great Britain during the eighteenth century, when there was a vast number of small holdings, the occupants of which tilled their ground during the spring and summer and idled away the time in sloth or pastime when winter brought the short days with it. Now, the advantage of having a village industry is that it fills up the time of the small occupier. Moreover, it does so remuneratively. There is no doubt that these industries at the present moment are suffering from lack of organisation, the effect of which is to make the worker fall into the hands of a greedy middleman who collects the fruits of his toil, pays for them at a very low rate, and sells at a very

entirely agree with him—could not only be made in this country, but made to the great advantage of the peasant population. The industry would furnish them with just that amount of ready money which would make everything run far more easily and add immeasurably to their comfort. Experimentally, the British peasant has been making some of these things, and Mr. Collings considers the examples "show remarkable skill, dexterity and taste on the part of the workers, who only need to be organised to secure the object in view—a commercial market for their output."

He goes on to repeat what we have frequently advocated in these pages: "During the later autumn months and the long nights of winter, when cultivation of the land is practically at a standstill, the labouring population have leisure and could be employed on work at which they show themselves so apt—thereby adding to their income, improving their condition, and at the same time benefiting agriculture by remaining in close association with the land." Mr. Collings draws attention to the value of these industries as a relief to the sufferings of cripple children, who have shown how deft and skilful they may become by the delicacy and beauty of the artificial flowers they manufacture. The Rural League, we believe, is about to have an exhibition of the work done by peasants, and to establish a show-room in London where those interested can see it for themselves at any time. We need not say that this is not a matter of advertisement, as the League, far from making any profit from it, stands to be out of pocket for the expenses of organising, and at any rate it has been decided that it shall not infringe upon the business of the merchant. Its business will be to bring maker and consumer into closer touch. What we meant to say, however, was that Mr. Collings might have carried his argument about the cripples a good deal further.

After the war there must in the nature of things be a large number of wounded

soldiers in this country, some of whom will doubtless prefer a quiet country life. If the war has done nothing else, it has shown to all engaged in it the health-giving properties of the open air, and whoever has once become impregnated with the spirit of the open air never can be quite happy in town again.

Many of the industries described by Mr. Green, and others which he does not describe, are of a character that would suit admirably the needs of the crippled soldier. That is to say, of a certain number of the wounded. All men have not the same tastes, and it is quite enough to say that a proportion will find life more interesting, as it certainly will be more comfortable, if they can find means to carry out some of these little arts in a way that will satisfy the working instinct and at the same time add to their resources. Mr. Green in this most useful little book has made a fairly complete survey of the ground. Not that he has gone into every possible industry that can advantageously be pursued in a village; but he has studied what the labourer is thinking, and worked out a practical scheme for beginning the work, making the articles and selling them.

One old labourer said to him: "During the winter we have many an idle hour, and sometimes we go to bed to save



A COTTAGE HAND-LOOM.

high rate to the manufacturer. It has been found, for instance, that those who work at making hoops for barrels out of hazel, willow, chestnut and other products of the undergrowth can make from 20s. to 27s. a week if they can obtain direct access to the purchaser. But they do not do this. They sell to a kind of pedlar-merchant who does not give them a fair price and makes a large profit by re-sale. We are therefore very glad to welcome the new book by Mr. J. L. Green, "Village Industries: A National Obligation" (Rural World Publishing Company).

Mr. Green is the secretary of the Rural League and very closely in touch with village life, therefore what he says would deserve close attention even if so good an authority on the subject as Mr. Jesse Collings had not set this forth in a stimulating and valuable introduction. Mr. Collings tells how, during his visits to the rural districts of Germany and Austria, especially the Austrian Tyrol, he found the peasantry during their leisure hours occupied at home with handicrafts of various kinds, in which they have developed very considerable skill and even a certain amount of artistry. From Germany we have been in the habit of importing wood-carving, embroidery, metal and leather work, baskets and other articles to the value of many millions sterling. These goods, Mr. Collings asserts—and we

the burning of coal and oil." Another man who had been almost overwhelmed with difficulties in his pilgrimage through rural life, sighed: "If I could have made a bit indoors—I'm handy with tools—I should have had something to start with again when prices got better." The womenfolk he finds quite as keen—and often more so than their husbands—for something which they can do by which the general stock and comfort in their homes may be increased. He devotes a chapter to suitable employments, in which are classified leather work, work in metals, toy making, fret-work, wood carving, basket making, simple carpentry work, lace, embroidery and spinning. What needs

to be done for these industries is, in the first place, that a record should be kept where they are carried on, so that the buyer knows at once where to turn when in need of them; and, in the second place, it is most necessary to clear the space between maker and buyer. As long as it is occupied by the middleman the village artist will not receive the value of his work, and if he does not do so the industry is bound to crumble to the ground. That is work which a body like the Rural League can very well do, and Mr. J. L. Green deserves the thanks of the community for the energy and enterprise with which he has devoted himself to the furtherance of this novel branch of rural activity.

THE FLEMISH SYSTEM OF POULTRY REARING:

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED.—II.

. BY BELLE ORPIGNE (FORMERLY MADAME B. ALBERT JASPER).

POULTRY keeping is the mother of many and various industries; for example, certain Belgian dealers collect eggs in a number of neighbouring farms, and furnish their customers with 50,000 to 60,000 a month, sending at once sometimes 6,000, 8,000, 15,000 and even more. These dealers are numerous, and in the collection of the eggs they generally employ old people and children incapable of engaging in other occupations. In order to obtain eggs in such great quantities, large numbers of laying hens are necessary. All the villagers in the neighbourhoods of Merchtem, Londerzeel, Malines, Aerschot, Heyst-Op-Den-Berg, Puers, etc., keep poultry of the breeds belonging to the country, and demanded by the markets. Every week hundreds of thousands of eggs are sent out of these villages to poultry keepers, who incubate them and keep them until they are fit for sale; that is to say, about twelve or fourteen weeks, according to the nature of the farm, the requirements of the market and the system of feeding. Certain large poultry farms, with the object of obtaining absolutely new-laid eggs, laid by birds which they know to be thoroughly healthy, board out cocks and hens with the peasants. These peasants are forbidden to keep other breeds; they must either completely or partially feed the birds according to the agreement, and are obliged to sell to the owner all the eggs produced by them, generally at a price slightly higher than that paid at the market. Thus they have no interest in cheating and selling the eggs elsewhere. The eggs are collected several times a week. The owners of the birds reserve to themselves the right to take them away from the houses where they are not properly kept, badly fed or otherwise neglected. The stock is removed every two years; the old hens are sent to the market, and it is hardly necessary to say that both producers and reproducers are kept freely without restraint till the moment they are required to lay.

The hatching time is regulated by the time at which the birds are desired to lay. The ideal plan would be personally to superintend the production of the eggs if the promiscuity of hens and chickens did not render possible and dangerous the propagation of disease and of vermin, so disastrous to the development of young birds. A fowl which is verminous is a bad subject for fattening. The creature not being able to rest, devoured by vermin, especially if it fails to get rid of it, cannot be satisfactory. These reasons have hitherto prevented the scientific poultry keepers successfully from keeping their own breeding stock, partly because of the difficulty of obtaining enough ground, and partly because of the necessity of having a double staff, which has no contact with the raising of the young fowls. Later I intend to solve this question and to show how in the future these dangers may be avoided and laying stock may be kept under one's own personal control, thus avoiding the double danger of unscrupulous dealers and of careless peasants.

Other poultry people, who go by the name of *accouveurs*, have sometimes superb establishments, in which forty or fifty incubators of a capacity of 400 and 500 eggs, are constantly at work. Every week, or even every day, thousands of hatched chickens are sent to poultry keepers, who prefer not to incubate at home.

Others, again, buy from poultry keepers on a small or a large scale chickens which they sell, as they are bought, as

corn-fed chickens, or which they fatten as fine birds for the table. Neither in Belgium nor in France are ever to be seen those coarse, yellowish fowls that are seen in England. We should hardly use them for broth, but never, certainly never, should we dare to serve them roast at any decent table. We have none of that yellowish or violet meat that you see in this country, none of that gross, hard skin, no birds five months or more—except for that very large breed which before the war was greatly in demand in Germany, and which was kept until that age according to a very special system. On the contrary, we invariably have young birds with fine, snow white meat, with pink and flexible claws. All those who deal in this admirable poultry, not sufficiently appreciated in this country, can make a good living out of the industry; the prosperity of our country folk bears eloquent testimony to this fact.

Nevertheless, they have much to learn; they can do still better. I reproach them with failing to comprehend all that they can obtain from their poultry. In England and in Belgium the birds are not kept to their full advantage. (Here, however, I must make an exception for certain modern English poultry farms, which I have lately visited with great interest, and which resemble some in our country.) In Belgium the fault lies in the lack of comprehension of questions of hygiene, consanguinity and of selection. Here it has many causes, partly because English people want birds to serve a double purpose—as exhibition birds and as utility birds—two objects which are incompatible. A prize bird must lay, of course—it may even be a good layer—but rarely will it attain its maximum. Here, as in everything else, specialisation makes perfection. A good layer will probably be ugly, thin and active, which is not the case with a prize bird, which must correspond, above all things, to a certain standard, and may or may not be a good layer. The fancy fowl has done no end of harm to the production of eggs and good meat. In this connection let me quote the opinion of Tegetmeier, who, in my opinion, is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. "I do not hesitate to affirm, as the result of my experience of half a century, that no breed of fowls has been taken in hand by the fancier that has not been seriously depreciated as a useful variety of poultry. At shows, as at present conducted, fancy points only have to be considered by the judges; the result is that the economic value of many breeds has been entirely lost." Nothing is more true. And how many English breeds, admirable both for eggs and for the table, have been irremediably spoiled by the standard which demands a certain type of conventional beauty without considering other qualities.

From the commercial point of view, nothing can be better than the common fowl accustomed to be exposed to wind and weather of all sorts, nothing can be better than mongrels allowed to run freely, which type no one has ever attempted to improve. Nothing lays better than the native fowl, for it is acclimatised to the atmosphere in which it lives, to the ground on which it runs, to the grass which grows there, and, in my opinion, it is always a great mistake to take birds from one district to another. The best layers, therefore, are the hens of the country, selected with this object. This in parentheses. I know that in this country there are certain competitions of laying birds, specially fed. These have all our admiration, and we do not expect beauty from

them. We shall choose our birds for their productiveness, for their excellent meat and for their rapid development, and by judicious selection and careful feeding we shall try to convert them into good layers. I know how to discover these productive faculties without having recourse to trap nests. We shall attain it under certain conditions, for our industry depends on a regular production of eggs; we must endeavour to avoid any cessation of laying, and to resume, I should say that the first step in poultry keeping, according to Flemish methods, should be the application of the good and healthy English system of poultry keeping. Our layers might run and develop in the open air when they are young; we should avoid too much consanguinity, good for excellence of type, but injurious as tending to degeneracy and other consequences, and, thanks to a number of details, which will appear in the course of this study, we shall obtain, first, eggs, then numerous uses for these eggs by means of incubation. To this we shall attain as soon as the industry is established in all its vigour in this country, as it was in ours before the German invasion. We shall also have *accouveurs* in far greater numbers than we have now in England, and they will produce exclusively chickens required for the table. We shall hope to establish also the keeping of the little milk chickens, the little (poulet) Royal chickens, the little Cocotte or Hamburg chicken (poulet), produced by a very interesting crossing, of which we shall speak later on. In this country little chickens of this kind are very few, because of the scarcity of cockerels devoted specially to this use. In Belgium it is a special production. These small birds, ready for sale after four or five weeks, are greatly in demand in the market.

We should also produce young poultry as new birds, also corn-fed chickens (*poulet de grains*), and we should develop the fattening industry. On this point also I shall have much to say, and I shall prove scientifically that fattening, as it is understood in this country, is an enormous wastage of food, which produces a result if not inferior, rarely superior in quality to that which we obtain by our Flemish method. In certain shops I have seen some very fine poultry, but it pays much less, because of the irrational method of keeping it.

We shall begin our first incubations in October, and our first sales towards the end of December or the beginning of January. In January and February prices are high and profits are extremely good. In England most of the new chickens do not reach the market before March; in Belgium we have them all the year round, and so great is the demand that we can never satisfy it. We have very little to fear in the way of competition. One great poultry dealer in this country said to me the other day, "Anyone who can produce a fine table chicken all the year round will command not only the market but the price."

Naturally, the greatest profits are made when dealings are conducted on a large scale, but in any case, large or small, the industry should be very profitable. The buildings employed in our industry permit of the production of chickens in the early months of winter, and here we find the force of our methods. Did one ever succeed in producing early fruits and vegetables, strawberries, asparagus by exposing them to the cold, to the winds and winter damp or to other atmospheric changes? Certainly not. A chicken raised in winter is exactly like these other early productions. I have seen in this country on poultry farms which I visited in December, January and February, poor little chickens shivering on the damp grass, their down soaked, and their tender organisms at the mercy of the bitter wind. How is it possible to obtain any rapid growth under these conditions? And think of the cost of the superfluous food with which you are providing them merely to produce the necessary calories which shall help them to struggle against the bitterness of cold and damp. All this food, in our method, goes to the production of flesh, and is not uselessly wasted. And what a superfluous expenditure of labour is required to look after all those little rearing houses scattered over the grass, work which might be so much better applied in cleansing, in the filling of lamps and in the giving of food. To say nothing of these cramped little houses where the tiny creatures sleep in an atmosphere lacking air and too rapidly vitiated. There is nothing rational in the manner in which poultry is reared in England. How ridiculous and completely unproductive are such methods I intend to demonstrate later on.

Our Flemish system consists in sheltering the birds from cold and damp, giving them plenty of air, in a place which is clean and well lighted, but without any draught, in a mild and constant temperature, in putting them to sleep in a clean and spacious brooder, well aired, cleaned every day, and not

merely once or twice a week. Thus they never have any vermin, which cannot be avoided when night after night they sleep on filth, in a vitiated atmosphere, which is not only injurious to their health, but which impedes their development. We shall study the various details of this method, details of commercial incubation which must be carried on in a somewhat different manner if 8,000 or 10,000 eggs are to be produced in a month, and we shall survey all the details connected with this very interesting occupation.

(To be continued next week.)

THE AGRICULTURAL DAMAGE TO FRANCE.

WHILE we in this country are busily employed putting into the ground as many vegetables and other food seeds as we can manage, a very different state of things prevails in France. Where the Germans are in occupation, agriculture is practically at a standstill, though it is astonishing how the peasants will persist in going about their ordinary avocations even in the midst of shell fire. In other places where the German line has been driven back a great deal of distress prevails. A report upon it has been drawn up and signed by Mrs. M. E. Hobbs of Kelmscott and Mr. T. Rigg, of which an advance copy is in our hands. It is from many points of view an extremely interesting document. When the German advance was checked in the early days of September, 1914, the German front at that time extended through the departments of the Marne and Meuse, reaching as far south as a line roughly drawn through Esternay, Fère-Champenoise, Vitry-le-François, Sermaize-les-Bains and Vassincourt. While the issue, advance or retreat, hung in the balance, this was the scene of very heavy fighting, and the villages suffered great damage by shell fire, wastage of crops and seizure of stock. At Esternay, the extreme end of the line, the damage was not so extensive, although several villages were destroyed and the cultivators were turned out of their homes and lost their barns containing the whole of their harvest. Going east the investigators next made Fère-Champenoise their centre. Round this place war had left a track of damage and ruin. The peasants were forced to be absent, too, during the time when they should have been putting in the rye crop, which consequently has been very little sown. In the villages of Huiron, Glannes, Domrémy, Vaulcerc, Vavray-le-Grand and Etrepuy hardly a house is left standing, and the visitors often noticed a column of smoke rising from a chimney improvised amid a heap of broken bricks. This district has suffered very badly. It is described as a district of medium farming on tertiary deposits overlying chalk. The farmers do not work on a great scale, but do a certain amount of dairying with cereal production.

Their stock consisted mostly of poultry, rabbits and goats. This type of farming stretches east towards Fère-Champenoise. In the neighbourhood of the latter town chalk comes right to the surface and gives rise to light, chalky soil, extremely poor and thin. Mixed farming prevails, and as a rule several cows and twenty or thirty sheep went to each farm. Rye, autumn wheat and oats are the main cereal crops, but sainfoin, lucerne and mangolds are grown for sheep and cattle fodder. On a farm of some seventy acres, about fifty acres are under cultivation, and the stock consists of two or three horses, five cows and thirty sheep. In the smaller farms near at hand a very considerable number of rabbits are kept. The destruction here has been very great indeed. A list of detailed losses is given at the end of the Report, and the figures speak more eloquently than the most carefully chosen sentences could of the injury that has been done. These losses are arranged under heads, such as: Houses burned, losses in stock, losses in machinery, namely, hay cutters and harvesting machines. It seems to have been the usual case for nearly all the houses to have been burned down, and, indeed, the final impression we obtain is that of a country ravaged with fire and sword, as they said in the Middle Ages. "Burn and destroy" seems to have been the command under which the Germans acted. We cannot reproduce the whole of the figures or even a summary of them, but we take a few instances at random which will show what has occurred. At Favresse, a village of 264 inhabitants, thirty-four houses have been burned; the losses in stock amount to eighty cows, fifty horses and 250 sheep. In machinery, six hay cutters and twelve harvesting machines were destroyed.

In Domrémy, a neighbouring hamlet with only a population of 120 people, twenty-five houses were burned; sixty sheep, twenty-five cows and fifteen horses were taken away or destroyed, and the machinery is written down as a total loss. This is what the little farmers would fain return to now that spring and the sowing season have come round again. They are in a sad position for beginning the work of the farm. Exposure and want have been very severely felt. It seems that considerable numbers could not tear themselves away from the scene of their labour, but hung about the ruins, and occasionally did some work in the fields. In any year and under any circumstances the disaster would have been very great, but what man did was accentuated by the extremely wet and inclement weather. Now we hear that a number of the fields that were practically submerged or churned into mud during the winter months have become as hard as bricks and are uncultivable.

The situation makes the need of help very urgent. Energetic efforts to cope with it are being made in France itself, but what the peasant farmers feel most is the difficulty of finding seeds and the loss of their machinery and implements. These appear to have been destroyed out of pure wantonness, and it is very difficult to replace them in a hurry. Nevertheless, the case is very urgent, because the food for next year must depend to a large extent on what crops are sown now in preparation for the autumn ingathering.



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AT THE PORTAL OF THE MOSQUE.

Alexander Keighley.

THE EYE-WITNESS OF MODERN WAR

UNDER the title "Eye-Witness's Narrative of the War, From the Marne to Neuve Chapelle, September, 1914, to March, 1915" (Edward Arnold), there has just been published the series of semi-official despatches which have appeared in the newspapers between the dates mentioned. They form a valuable contemporaneous account of the second stage in the great struggle. Unfortunately, the appointment of an eye-witness was an afterthought, so that the record does not touch the opening phase of the hostilities—the siege of Liège, the fall of Namur, the retreat from Mons, and the dramatic change to the offensive on the part of the Allies at the very moment the Germans were preparing for the grand triumph of a march into Paris. When the story begins, the tide had been turned, and the first despatch deals only with the tail end of the Battle of the Marne. In the second despatch the enemy were "occupying a very formidable position to us in the North of the Aisne." The story halts at Neuve Chapelle with some very fragmentary notes on that engagement. The classical account of it which appeared in the newspapers of April 19th is not included. Its publication was anonymous, and although attributed in some quarters to Captain Clive, we do not know of any official confirmation of that rumour. Be that as it may, the despatch is the most noteworthy written during the progress of operations. Whoever wrote it showed himself possessed of remarkable gifts. His facts were marshalled with the skill of an historian. Vividness, energy, power, sympathy, observation, characterise the narrative. The troops who were to play the leading parts are introduced to us as on the evening before the engagement. Indian Garhwalis, "dark faces beneath slunk hats," "Tigers" from Leicester, the Lincolns and Berks, the Rifle Brigade, the Northants, the Worcesters, Territorials from the Royal Fusiliers and the Scottish Rifles—they march silently down through Laventie and Richebourg St. Vaaste toward the German position, where the unwitting foe rest in fancied security behind their sandbags.

Now comes the battle morning, the great guns beginning before dawn to register, that is, to make sure of their range, like the cricketer having a few balls at the nets before he goes in to bat. As dawn breaks softly it discloses here and there a British aeroplane hovering over the hostile lines. Then begins the thunder of guns and the screaming of shells on their way to the hostile trenches, where they devastate the village and send limbs and even dead bodies hurtling through the air. Punctually the bombardment ceases more suddenly than it had begun, and the Berkshires and Lincolns spring forward with directions to swerve and let

the Royal Irish Rifles and the Rifle Brigade through to the village. Now is the time for heroes to show their quality, and they do not fail. Rifle Brigade and Gurkhas, Leicesters and Garhwalis, Scottish Rifles and Middlesex, all rise gloriously to the occasion.

Our object here is not to follow the battle to its end, but only to draw attention to a remarkable account of it. The Eye-Witness at the front has had few such opportunities afforded him. Trench fighting at the best is a form of warfare which does not lend itself to thrilling description; but, conducted as the campaign here described has been through the months of an exceptionally wet winter, it leaves a civilian with the impression that the armies might as well have followed the example set in the Middle Ages and gone into winter quarters last autumn. Their relative positions on April 1st were precisely what they were in late October

or early November. Before that date had been fought the Battle of Ypres. For the best account of that it is necessary to read the despatch of Sir John French supplemented by the truly fine account by an American correspondent, who shows the part played by our great Field Marshal himself—how, when a far too thin British line was opposed to hordes of German soldiers, his was the word that nerved and cheered our men to do what to many appeared impossible. The desperation of the encounter is not made apparent by Eye-Witness, but this is not altogether his blame. While operations are proceeding, it is necessary that he should be most careful as to what facts he gives away, and, besides, he could not be at every point of that far-flung battle line. It is very high praise of these despatches to say that they give a narrative which the contemporary reader is able to follow with interest and instruction, while they are supplementing most admirably those

despatches from Sir John French which will form the basis on which the future historian must build. Who wrote each has not been authoritatively stated. The names of Colonel Swinton, Earl Percy and Captain Clive have all been mentioned, but no official statement has been issued.

These straightforward soldiers' letters from the field of war cannot be too highly valued. They have deservedly won public confidence. It would be as unfair to search them for the epic as it would be to search for it in the pages of *De Bello Gallico*. And, indeed, statesmen, although they have vied with one another in eloquence, have not touched the high-water mark of emotional and imaginative eloquence. No one has, for example, risen to the height attained by Mr. John Bright during the Crimea, when he made a speech containing the famous passage: "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear



CAPTAIN P. ARCHER CLIVE, M.P.
One of our "Eye-Witness" Writers.

the beating of his wings." A thousand times greater is the theme to-day, but this practical age has been busy about so many things—the conduct of the war, the enlistment of troops, the arrangement of finance, the care of the wounded—that the imagination has had no opportunity of dwelling

upon the side of it represented by "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." We who are alive have been actors and witnesses at a time of great deeds, but it will be for others to find words to describe them.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

L EONID ANDREYEFF among Russians has made the highest bid for a definite place among the select few of all countries whose work is European as well as national. We are glad, therefore, to welcome a book of his *Plays*, translated by Clarence L. Meader and Fred Newton Scott, with an introductory essay by V. V. Brusyanin (Duckworth). It contains "The Black Maskers," "The Life of Man" and "The Sabine Women." For an English reader the least interesting is the last. It is political satire which, though keen and incisive, does not attain the high literary standard which made, for example, Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" so much greater than the writer's immediate theme. Andreyeff's most important play is "The Life of Man." It belongs to the order of the old Morality play, and we can well believe the story that he was fired to do it by a first reading of "Everyman." In it the greatest conception is that of the "Being in Grey," who, even when silent, is ever the dominant figure on the stage and carries in his hand the antique candlestick which holds the candle which flickers forth at the birth of man, flames during his career, and sputters out when the angry, persecuted spirit passes out of the body with curses in a final act which appears not to have satisfied the author, since he wrote an alternative to it. But his great feat is to maintain the dignity and impressiveness of the Being in Grey from the moment when he announces, "Silence! Man is born," till the end. The idea of introducing him is ancient, but the conception and treatment modern. When God the Father is introduced into an old Morality he enters with that homely familiarity which is characteristically mediæval. He talks as the everyday rustic might talk, and conveys no sense of what is awful and august. Those who wrote morality plays for the Church festivals such as Christmas and Easter were, in a way, like children in the homely realism with which they brought the Bible story into the atmosphere of the village. This, however, would be very much against modern sentiment, which is either devoutly reverent or frankly irreverent. Nobody in our day could make the Divinity talk like a showman—as he often does in those ancient diversions for holy days—without incurring ridicule alike for himself and his character. With the literary taste which comes instinctively to a great writer, Andreyeff has steered a middle course between the gossip Deity and "the awful shape in blood and fire." His Grey creation looms in half-light. He is for the most part silent, but when he speaks it is with the voice of one who is eternal. His first utterance in the play comes with the effect which the ringing of the dead-bell has upon those who have met before a prison door to wait for an execution. Till then old women have been conversing as village crones do, weighing the issues of life and death in a vague sort of way, telling among other things that when babies come "they begin right off to cry and to insist as if everything ought to be ready for them. Even before they can see they know that there is a breast and milk and insist on having them." From that they pass to subdued chatter about animals. It is a simple, natural rendering from life.

When man is born and assailed by the usual vicissitudes of life the stage direction at the end of Act II says:

The Being in Grey watches them with indifference, holding in his stony hand the brightly blazing candle.

To him Eternal it is nothing that while the candle burns Man struggles and disports himself, encounters bad fortune and evil fortune, yet ever is moving to the end. His strong face and chin are immobile alike in the triumph of early manhood and in the day when the flickering light is ready to go out. In the day of their misfortune "The Being called. He listens with indifference to the prayer of the father and the mother." With equal indifference He listens when Man fulfils the aspiration of Job and curses God and dies.

At the end it is natural to ask if this really be "the life of Man" or the distorted vision of a pessimist. In life the incidents vary, but the course run is the same, and from the beginning of time the moralists have spoken in the same spirit. One point, however, deserves to be noted. Andreyeff drew a remarkable contrast between the lives of Cellini and Nietzsche. That of the former was

a counterpart of the life of his day, with its brigands, monks, dukes, swords, and mandolins. In those days interest attached only to a life that was full of events, continually active and achieving, whereas a life of inactivity was like a clod lying by the roadside, of which there is nothing notable to be said. Cellini's life is a personification of the older theatre.

He asks:

Where in Nietzsche's life are there events, activities, physical achievements? In his early manhood, while he was a Prussian soldier, and was still to a certain extent a man of action, he was in the least degree a dramatist. The real drama of his life begins just at the time when his life withdraws into the silence and inactivity of the study. It is there that we find the painful re-evaluation of all values, the tragical struggle, the break with Wagner, and the charming Zarathustra!

This was written before the war and, even so, is chiefly valuable as showing the exaggerated Russian appreciation of Nietzsche. Between the latter's squabbles with Wagner and others and the lively episodes of the silversmith's life there is not, indeed, much to choose. In a man of Andreyeff's profound thought and malleable temperament, it may be taken for certain that the real tragedies arising from the war have modified these views. Youth and brilliant promise and high ambition deliberately exchanged for death on a battlefield—cases of untold pathos, of melancholy glory, of spiritual struggle—these have come before him as before the rest of us, and reduced to their real magnitude the glittering fallacies of Zarathustra and the new paganism of his creator.

In "The Black Maskers" Andreyeff overdoes the parable and morality features of his work. Here are power and imagination far beyond those of any contemporary Russian author, but the play lacks restraint and artistic selection. We feel the same horrified pity for Lorenzo as might have been excited had he been overwhelmed by a cartload of bricks.

A List of British Birds. (Published by the British Ornithologists' Union.)
Bulletin of the British Ornithologists' Club. Migration Report. (Witherby.)

STUDENTS of bird life will welcome the new *List of British Birds*. They will also be compelled to appreciate the labours of the committee of the British Ornithologists' Union, who are responsible for its compilation. It was as long ago as 1883 that the Union published their first "List," yet the work stood the test of thirty years, during a period when ornithology was making greater strides than ever it did before. A systematic revision of all detail must have been the aim of the committee who undertook to re-edit the original "List." All the accumulated knowledge of the last thirty years has been put into the work. Birds are no longer broadly described as "British," but are finely distinguished by the titles of resident, summer visitors, winter visitors, birds of passage, occasional and rare visitors. The true value of a bird's claim to be "British" can be ascertained at a glance. We are also enabled to look at our familiar species in a new light. The blackbird, for instance, that sings in these early spring days, may be a resident, which will breed here, and still be here next spring; or it may be a refugee from the Continent, whither it will soon return; or it may be an early summer visitor who comes thus far north to breed, but will leave us in autumn again; or, again, it may be a bird of passage, passing us on its way between its winter haunts beyond our shores and its breeding grounds further to the north.

The system of nomenclature and of arranging the sequence of families and orders has been thoroughly revised. It will, indeed, take some time for those used to the old "List" to get used to the new one. But it was a most urgently needed reform. Now that the plunge has been taken and the new "List" stands for "uniformity and fixity," the newly adopted names for familiar species will doubtless soon establish themselves. The increase in our knowledge of the bird life of our islands during the last thirty years is significant. The first edition of the *List of British Birds* contained a total of 376 species; the new "List" contains 475, an increase of ninety-nine recorded species, mostly among the "birds of passage" and "rare visitor" classifications.

The detailed and exhaustive reports on the migration of birds around the British Isles, more especially devoted to the immigration of summer residents into these islands, grow in interest as they progress. The thirty-fourth volume of the *Bulletin of the British Ornithologists' Club* carries on the reports of the Migration Committee, being the ninth of the series devoted to this fascinating study. It is only by carrying on the investigations over a series of years that any definite conclusions can be arrived at, for the mystery of bird migration is one of the most perplexing riddles of wild life. This volume is a "mine" of knowledge, crowded with carefully tabulated lists of bird reports from around our coasts, from a hundred light stations, from every country, at all periods and at all hours. The "enquiry" has reached a point where it would be well to summarise its entire stock of knowledge, and this we hope to see issued next year.

D. CARRUTHERS.

The Teeth of the Tiger, by Maurice Leblanc. Translated by A. T. De Mattos. (Hurst and Blackett.)

THIS new book by the author of "Arsène Lupin" is a capital story of its kind. Events of the most appalling nature thrill the reader from the very beginning; there are two murders in the first chapter and two more in the third, and all the corpses present brown patches, the result of a poisonous injection. These horrors are involved in impenetrable darkness; each successive clue breaks off; person after person who appears to be guilty proves to be a mere puppet in the hands of some concealed Monster. The great Arsène Lupin, here called Luis Perenna (which is an anagram of his real name) dominates the scene with a courage and resource that almost defy probability. At last Arsène discovers the real criminal. The Monster flies in a motor-car; Arsène pursues and overtakes in an aeroplane. Perhaps the Monster, when actually confronted, is a little disappointing; but the way in which Arsène deals with him is very satisfying. It might be possible to raise objections of detail: thus, if you pushed your deadly enemy down a well, it would surely be prudent to wait till you heard him splash; for Arsène, instead of falling to the bottom, sprang into a cavity in the side of the well, which cavity led to the upper air and to final victory. But all such petty objections are swept away by the victorious speed of Arsène's career. The Monster is destroyed, the innocent are cleared—except those who have already been poisoned by the injection which left the brown patches—and Arsène makes a happy marriage with an attractive young lady who had made three or four ingenious attempts on his life. In his retirement Arsène grew flowers; but we are sorry that he did not, like Sergeant Cuff, grow roses; he was obliged, for an obvious reason, to grow lupines. That is a pity; but this is an excellent story and very well translated.

The Mysterious Three, by William Le Queux. (Ward, Lock.)

MR. LE QUEUX'S hero is staying with some rich, placid and prosperous friends in Rutlandshire, when the butler announces that a person giving the name of Smithson has called. He points to a photograph in the library, and says that that is the man. Instantly the whole family turn pale. Soon afterwards the footman is discovered drunk, and the family thunder away in blind terror and their largest motor. The hero finds that the house is utterly deserted, and he himself is shot at by a mysterious villain near the front door—and all because of Smithson. Such, necessarily omitting some details that enhance the excitement, is the beginning of Mr. Le Queux's new book, and a splendidly blood-curdling and puzzling beginning it is.

THE JOYOUS CUCKOO.

I read with very great pleasure your article on the nightingale in last week's issue, and it is with some diffidence that I venture on a comment.

The true harbinger of the English spring is the cuckoo, and not the nightingale, his "shallow bill" notwithstanding, and it seems to me that the poets pay their addresses to Philomela in full dress—that is, with what Wordsworth called their "singing robes" on. In consequence, there is very little simple, spontaneous poetry about the nightingale. Before writing his famous ode I can imagine John Keats summoning all his powers with a conscious resolve to write the ode on the subject. He succeeded in making a great poem, but the nightingale was used only as a peg to hang it on. The most exquisite, most freely quoted of his lines might have been applied to a thousand other birds quite as appropriately:

The same that oftentimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

This is a young poet dreaming dreams and seeing visions, but has no special application to the nightingale. In contrast, look how joyously, how heartily the coming of the cuckoo is greeted. Where is our English spring pictured so vividly and affectionately as in the song of the Monk of Reading?

Groweth sed, and bloweth med
And springth the wodé nu—
Sing, Cuccu."

How easy to imagine the words sung by the early monks as they worked at their illuminated Gospels or missals, and hear it taken up in the refectory and echoed from the cellar. And it is a cuckoo song.

There is an old English poem—translated, I think, by the late Richard Garnet—that gives the more pensive aspect. It charms, and fills the mind with longing, but defies analysis:

Soon as ever thou shalt listen on the edges of the cliff
To the cuckoo in the copsewood chanting of his sorrow,
Then begin to seek the sea where the sea-mew is at home
Sit thee on the sea-bank, so that to the southward,
Thou may'st light upon thy lover, o'er the ocean pathways
Where thy lord with longing looks and waits for thee.

I have always thought that Michael Bruce or John Logan, whichever wrote the poem, touched a master note in

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear:
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

I do not say these are greater than poetry written about the nightingale, but they unite in breathing the very spirit of spring and accepting the cuckoo as its harbinger. This letter is long, but I would like to end it with still another quotation to show that our forefathers regarded the cuckoo as breathing the spring. It was written by Francis Pilkington for the first set of Madrigals, 1613:

The Messenger of the delightful spring,
The Cuckoo, proud bird, mocking man!
On lofty oaks and every under-spring,
To chant out cuckoo scarce began:
When as Menalcas soft as swan,
His winter cloak cast off, did nimbly spring,
And as the cuckoo cuck did sing,
The shepherd's down a down was farra diddle dan.

This is the real wood-note wild.

R. St. J. M.

GREIG OF ST. ANDREWS

EVERY golfer who has ever been to St. Andrews will be sorry to hear of the death of Andrew Greig, the starter on the old course. He was working on the home green last week, when he suddenly collapsed and died soon afterwards. St. Andrews will hardly seem itself without his imposing presence in the starter's box, and the blare of his tremendous voice as he warned some rash intruder from the line of fire to the first hole. No one else could get so terrible and concentrated a menace into the single syllable "Fore!" The stern dominion that he exercised over the unending throng of players, his brusque manner, and a certain dry and eminently Scottish humour have caused many familiar legends to cluster round Greig's name. He dealt in few words, nor would he waste his breath on the superfluous ornaments of address.

When the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby were playing at St. Andrews, he caused a ripple of amusement on the teeing ground by shouting "Michael and Torby" in his normal and ferocious tones. Another well known story tells how Greig was going to fit into a vacant place on the starting sheet two golfers having rather unusual and recondite names. Greig was not going to spend his valuable time on trying to master the



GREIG IN HIS BOX.

pronunciation of them. "When I call Fergusson you tee your balls" was his command. Then there is his pleasant little piece of satire to Mr. Osmund Scott. Mr. Scott at one time drove with a prodigiously long "fishing-rod" driver, and used to take a correspondingly high tee. Greig watched the building up of this monument, and then said, "There's mair saund in the box, Mr. Scott." As a player he never greatly shone. The fame of the family in that respect was safe in the hands of his brother, Mr. William Greig, who has been, for more years than we care to number, one of the most distinguished of the many fine artisan golfers at St. Andrews. In his own sphere, however, Andrew Greig stood alone. He carried out the difficult duties of his office with an equal measure of courage and discretion, and his familiar figure will long be missed.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STOCK ON ARABLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

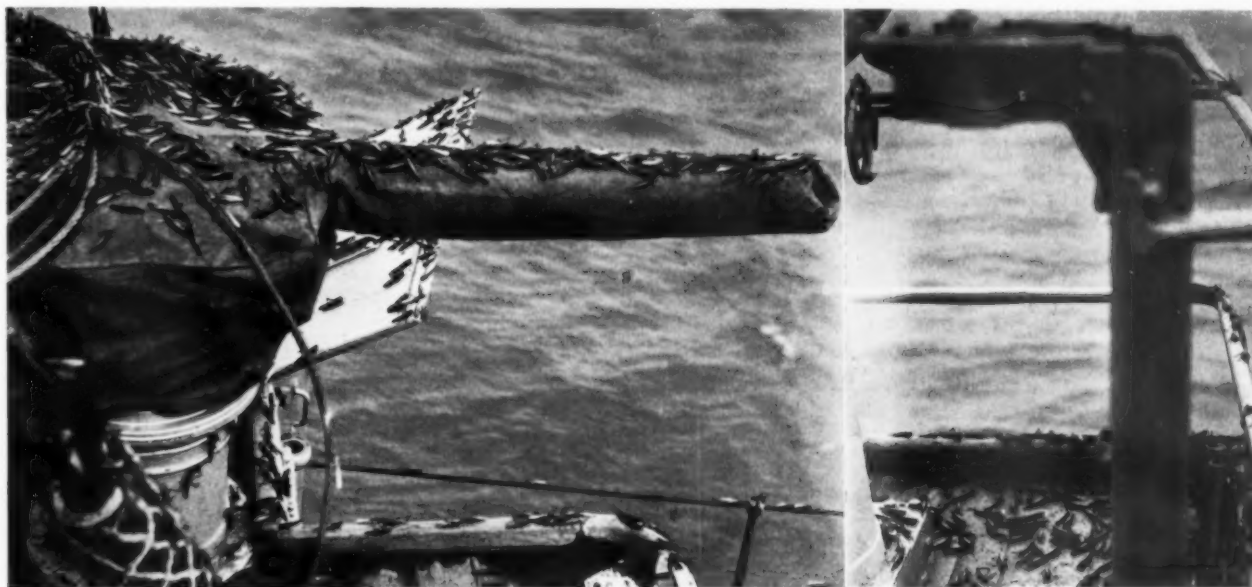
SIR.—If it is not too late to contribute to the correspondence which has been going on in your paper on the question of cereal growing *versus* the production of stock, as, naturally, the most valuable branch of agriculture to develop, I would like to point out that no greater mistake can be made than in thinking that these two branches of agriculture are opposed to each other; that we must perforce develop one or the other, whereas if the proper measures are taken we can develop both. Of course, if those who advocate a large increase in the head of stock in the country are determined to have their stock kept on large grass farms, then the production of an increased supply of beef will indeed be dearly bought. The two main functions of the soil are to produce food for the nation and to give the maximum amount of employment to our labourers. At the present moment labour is scarce, but I am convinced that after this disastrous war we shall be hard put to it to find employment for all demanding it, therefore it is most essential to put the land to its full potential use. The more cereals we grow the stronger our position will be, and if we look upon the production of cereals as fundamental it will follow that we shall be able to keep a larger head of stock and of dairy cows. It is now recognised by all authorities that dairying on arable land is more profitable than dairying on grass, and that a larger head of cows can be maintained on an arable farm than on an ordinary grassland farm of the same size. This is equally true in regard to stock keeping. If our farmers would only go in for the new varieties of wheat, such as Webster's square head, Little Joss, etc., they would be able to procure some six quarters of wheat to the acre where they were formerly producing about four quarters, and this without any extra labour or cost of cultivation. Then again, if lucerne and other fodder crops are grown, there will be a greater quantity of

districts of the North, post office, telegraph, station, church, water supply and drainage all close at hand. Another house has been despaired of by its owners. It is not worth spending money on, save to pull down and rebuild. Yet its owner tells me how in Canada he built himself an eight-roomed house with stoves, etc., for £250, using "lumber." Were he to propose plans of this kind to a district council, its officials would meet him (and rightly, from their own sense of duty) with a refusal of sanction. And so our men and women go on, fast bound not only by the old stone walls and heavy-timbered roofs, but also (and here is the trouble of a conservative people) by the old notions of what is necessary to make a "house" and a "home." In this tremendous age we are living in, is a revolution—a very radical change indeed—of our ideas a thing possible and practical? I am in no position to answer my own question. Could you, through your columns, invite information (1) from the kind of men who claim to have made the system of the venture at Cambridge such a success in results and in cost; (2) from men with Colonial experience; (3) from any who have knowledge of a simple type of radiator connected with the ordinary range boiler of a cottage or a small greenhouse? Warmth and shelter man must have. Can he command not only these, but also in his home the fresh air in which the country dweller spends the greatest part of his working life?—B. H.

LOCUSTS AT SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing two photographs which you may possibly care to reproduce in COUNTRY LIFE. They were taken on board three days ago when this ship was passing through large swarms of locusts off the Syrian coast. There has recently been a plague of locusts in Syria, and an easterly wind blew large numbers of them out to sea. In the distance they looked



LOCUSTS SWARMING ON A WARSHIP.

home grown feeding stuffs than formerly. Meal as pig food is now at an almost prohibitive price. The use of lucerne for pig food during the summer months reduces the feeding stuffs bill by some 75 per cent. In conclusion, I can only add that we must concentrate all our attention on arable land, and that we must win back to the plough the many thousands of acres of low-rented grassland which in no way can be said to justify its existence. One clear lesson that the war is teaching us is that, even with complete control of the seas, the demands of the Government upon the mercantile shipping make the transport of all food both difficult and expensive, and that the one obvious remedy is to produce more cereals, more milk and more beef at home.—CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

COUNTRY COTTAGES AND FRESH AIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can the practical men who have made the Cambridge Hospital, described in your recent articles, tell us if the open-air system is possible for country cottages in woodlands or other sheltered places? Many men who only knew of the open-air life as a form of treatment for consumptives have had practical experience of it in camp during the last few months. I can see in a country village far less mistrust of the air than was the case twenty years ago. During the war, and long after it, we are not likely to see much done in the way of reconstruction of cottages on "county" lines like those advocated in 1914 by COUNTRY LIFE. Yet the need for reconstruction remains. In a village near where I live many old houses are masses of stone and timber—"Very inconvenient," say their inhabitants. Often they are just kept habitable in comfort by constant care and patching. When the care fails, the house is presently closed by the district council. One such was recently pulled down; its owner spends his spare time in cleaning up and dressing down the rubble out of which the clay-bound walls were built. Yet it is on the best site in the village, in the middle of one of the loveliest

like clouds of yellow fog, and in passing through them the ship became literally covered with locusts. The photographs, which show the cover of a three-pounder gun and the corner of the bridge, give some idea of the thousands that came down everywhere.—P. H. MELSOME, Staff Paymaster, R.N., H.M.S. —.

THE PRESENT MISTAKES OF POULTRY KEEPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Later on, when I have read more of them, I should like to make some comment on those articles by Mme. Jasper which opened so promisingly last week. In the meantime, may I offer one or two practical hints? In times of war mistakes should not be made, but at this time they generally are. Farmers who keep poultry this year are making three mistakes that stand out most glaringly. Firstly, that is feeding their fowls entirely on a diet of maize that costs more than £1 per sack by the time it reaches home. The birds become over-fat and do not lay, or else die in the attempt. This could be got over by putting the birds in colony houses in the fields and allowing them to work for and obtain most of their own living. The eggs so produced would mean profit instead of indifferent return for cost. The next item as regards mistake is selling the eggs at fourteen or even fifteen a shilling. If they are put in water-glass now, a very cheap method and equally easy, those same eggs will fetch from half-a-crown to three shillings next November—a fine interest on the outlay, and taking the surplus off the market, causing an immediate rise in prices. The third mistake is in not setting fowls as usual. A hen that sits and raises her brood moults properly and produces autumn eggs when they are wanted; but it is not this point I would draw attention to. If no chickens are reared this year, where are the eggs to come from next year? One year birds are highly productive, two year olds remunerative, but after that they are simple robbers, and if there are no pullets reared these old birds must be kept on. Beef, mutton, pork, are all alike

very dear and likely to keep so, and this means more money will have to be paid for poultry. At the present a fat hen is the cheapest meat dish on the market.—ELDRÉD WALKER.

A SCARCE HUNTING PRINT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In addition to the letter published in your issue of last week, I have received two others on the subject of this hunting piece (see *COUNTRY LIFE*, Notes, April 24, 1915). The first of these is from a member of the Marquess of Bath's family, who tells me that the original painting by Wootton is one of a set of eight which hang at Longleat. The figure in the cocked hat concerning which I have made enquiry is that of the second Viscount Weymouth (1710—1750) and the African boy, holding the French horn, to the left, represents the Viscount's attendant "Jubah." Colonel C. Anstruther, D.S.O., M.V.O., who has been good enough to send me further information, tells me there is another set of these paintings at Althorp (Earl Spencer's seat), and adds that the prominent figures are those of Lord Weymouth and Lord Spencer, who were brothers-in-law. It is clearly established that the young sportsman in the cocked hat is Lord Weymouth. Lord Spencer must, therefore, be the figure in the hunting cap holding up the fox just killed before the "worry." This second Lord Weymouth, it may be noted, was an ancestor of the present Marquess of Bath, and the Lord Spencer of the picture is one of many of that family who have been devoted heart and soul to foxhunting. It is extremely interesting to have discovered the history and origin of this very curious old hunting print, and I am greatly obliged to my correspondents for their prompt assistance. I wish the history of all old hunting pieces in English country houses could be as readily and as satisfactorily ascertained.—H. A. BRYDEN.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Here is more wisdom culled from my ancient recipe book. "The singularly useful properties of garlic" are described in this manner. "The smell of garlic, which is formidable to many ladies, is perhaps the most infallible remedy in the world against the vapours and all the nervous disorders to which women are subject." It sounds less expensive than a visit to a nerve specialist, does it not? and it is possible that the unpleasantness of the odour would induce, at any rate, a temporary forgetfulness of nervous woes! Now that the wasp season is approaching the following may prove of use to your readers: "A simple and effectual remedy for those who have accidentally swallowed a wasp. Instantly, on the alarming accident taking place, put a teaspoonful of common salt in your mouth, which will instantaneously not only kill the wasp, but at the same time heal the sting." And the moral of this would appear to be, always keep a supply of salt in your pocket in case the "alarming accident" should happen when you were some miles from home. The experiment of preserving meat by treacle has, we read, been successfully tried in this manner. "A gentleman put a piece of beef into treacle and turned it often. At the end of a month he ordered it to be washed and boiled, and had the pleasure to find it quite good, and more pleasant than the same piece would have been in salt for that time. But the expense of this method must confine it to the opulent." Your readers may also be glad to know how to avoid taking cold while fishing. For this they must "avoid sitting upon the ground, though it may appear dry, for the heat of the body will cause a moisture, which soon cools and may be sensibly felt. If the angler, through age or infirmity, is incapable of standing long, a piece of coarse woollen cloth doubled two or three times will be very useful to sit upon, especially in fishing for barbel, roach and dace, where the angler is confined to one place. Some attention, we are also told, should be paid to the colour of an angler's dress. "It is natural to conclude that green would be more eligible, as it would vary little from those objects with which fish are familiarised, such as trees growing near the sides of rivers and herbage on the banks. Yet, as this colour might be disagreeable to many, the angler should avoid all strong contrasts to those objects, especially scarlet and very light colours." Here is a hint for producing mushrooms. "If the water wherein mushrooms have been steeped or washed be poured upon an old bed, or if the broken parts of mushrooms be strewed thereon, there will speedily arise great numbers." And to cure disease in apple trees you "brush off the white down, clear off the red stain underneath it, and anoint the places infected with a liquid mixture of train oil and Scotch snuff." In these days, when the Censor is abroad, it may be desirable to know how to "write secretly on a pocket handkerchief." "Dissolve alum in pure water, and write upon a fine white handkerchief, which, when dry, will not be seen at all. But when you would have the letters visible, dip the handkerchief in pure water, and it will be of a wet appearance all over, except where it was written on with the alum water. You may also write with alum water upon writing paper, which will not be visible till dipped in water." This would be a useful hint for our poor prisoners of war.—G. V. C.

DISTILLERIES COMPARATIVELY MODERN IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Just at this time, when certain temperance legislation is being discussed, it may be of interest to note a passage in a book that is less well known perhaps than it deserves to be, "The Autobiography of the Reverend Alexander Carlyle"—"Jupiter" Carlyle, as he was called, from the idea that a famous painter took his head as a model for a picture of Jupiter. The little Jupiter, then only eleven years of age, went on a tour with his father and a Scottish minister in Dumfriesshire in the year 1733. "Among the places we visited," he writes, "was Bridekirk, the seat of the eldest cadet of Lord Carlyle's family, of which my father was descended. We did not see the laird, who was from home; but we saw the lady, who was a much greater curiosity. She was a very large and powerful virago, about forty years of age, and received us with much kindness and hospitality; for the

brandy-bottle—a Scotch pint—made its appearance immediately, and we were obliged to take our *morning*, as they called it, which was indeed the universal fashion of the country at that time. The lady, who, I confess, had not many charms for me, was said to be able to empty one of those large bottles of brandy, smuggled from the Isle of Man, at a sitting. They had no whisky at that time, there being then no distilleries in the South of Scotland." It will strike all Englishmen as very curious that in the early part of the eighteenth century there were "no distilleries in the South of Scotland." It is evident that the whisky drinking habit must be less ancient, in the South of Scotland at all events, than most people suppose. He says the South, particularly, intimating that there were distilleries in the Highlands for the "usquebagh." It may be noted that "whisky" is just another way of writing the first two syllables of the Highland name for the spirit—a fact that most people are not at all aware of. The future Minister of Inveresk, as Carlyle became, does not give any striking testimony to very temperate habits on the part of the Border people, though they did not get whisky. The reference to the smuggling of the brandy from the Isle of Man is interesting. The upper classes in Scotland at that time drank claret very largely.—H. G. H.

VOLUNTEERS FOR COUNTRY WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am one of many thousands of young men who are being kept at home to assist in the conducting of the commercial affairs of the country, and my employers consider it desirable that I should take a short rest sometime during the summer months. After nine or ten months of strenuous work the change will be welcome, but the question to be decided is where to go. This is not the time to spend a holiday strolling along a promenade at a seaside resort or engaging in amusements day after day. In the agricultural districts a large amount of labour will be required during the summer months. Cannot a bureau be established by means of which the men who are willing to work—gratuitously or otherwise—during their period of rest from office duties can be put in touch with employers of labour in country districts? Although a City clerk may not be able to do the day's work of a farm labourer, his help would be probably appreciated in connection with the harvest, fruit picking or other work. Perhaps you would be good enough to insert this letter in your publication, or, in view of your position and experience, make some suggestion in the matter.—PERCY E. PEARSON.

OYSTER SHELLS USED IN NORMAN BUILDINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much interest the communication of Mr. Le Bas in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 24th, in reference to the finding of oyster shells in the ancient walls of Durham Cathedral, for it revives the controversy of the use of oyster shells in the building of Westminster Abbey which I brought before the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Antiquarian Society in 1892, also in *Notes and Queries* at the same date. I then exhibited some oyster shells taken from the walls of the Abbey when alterations were made in the oldest portion of the building, when it was found that all the ancient stonework was levelled with oyster shells. My specimens are very flat and thick, measuring $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, and retain the small shell incrustations on the outside. The discovery of oyster shells in Durham Cathedral confirms my statement that oyster shells were used by the Norman builders; it also opens out the question of whether the same master masons were engaged upon the two famous buildings, Westminster Abbey and Durham Cathedral.—JOHN ROBINSON.

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers enlighten my ignorance and tell me who was the author of the beautiful sonnet beginning:

"When we were idlers 'mid the murmuring rills,
The need of human love we little noted?"

Was it Southey? Can anyone oblige me with the lines in full?—ALEX HARVEY.

AN INTELLIGENT BUT UNDESIRABLE CAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On April 13th I caught my cat in the act of climbing a hawthorn hedge and eating the four eggs contained in a blackbird's nest. I have on other occasions seen him eating young birds in their nest. Is this not somewhat unusual? The cat finds the nests and climbs the hedge without any assistance or instigation from me. He is quite a sporting cat, and during the past ten years of his life he has frequently followed me round the garden when I have been going round with my small gun shooting sparrows. He retrieves them for his own benefit, and shows himself quite disappointed if my shot does not result in a meal for him. His mother was an equally good retriever, and I have seen her fetch dead birds from over a high wooden fence and bring them to her kitten.—G. O. NICHOLSON.

TO ONE UNKNOWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many thanks for sending me the plain gold ring from an anonymous donor who is interested in my work. I regret that I cannot write and thank the individual who has kindly sent me the gift, which I greatly appreciate and am wearing.—J. L. DICKIE.

HAVE WE A NEW MOSQUITO?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had some experience of what our gnat flies or midges can do while fishing beside some quiet stream in rural England. The Scandinavian variety is a bit more vicious, and one certainly knows that they are about when boating on some of the lakes amid the pine woods. The Canadian variety musters in numbers, and to hear their mingling, at night foretells of something to come. In the West of England there is quite a number of persons now suffering from mosquito bites that have set up decided symptoms of blood-poisoning, and it is rather singular that the majority of those suffering

are countrymen whose skin is generally supposed to be pretty thick. Such being the case, it has given rise to the idea that a new variety of mosquito or else one from a distant source has become acclimatised in the warm counties of the West, and its presence at the end of March would appear to indicate that this surmise is correct.—E.

A HERALDIC CHESSBOARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of April 10th you give a photograph of this chessboard, with a letter of mine, in which I asked for its *raison d'être*. On April 12th I received an unsigned postcard suggesting that most of the thirty-two coats of arms were those of members of the Roxburghe Club, and that No. 30 was probably the self-manufactured arms of the vice-president—the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin—which Mr. Egerton Castle, in his "English Book-plates," confirms. In D. bdn's "Biographical Tour" (Vol. I, page 5) this strange shield heads the Preface. Starting with this information, I naturally turned to Dibdin's "Reminiscences of a Literary Life," where, in his chapter headed, "Roxburghiana," I found most of the names of those whose arms are painted on the board. However, Sir George Armytage, Bart., writing to me from Kirkclee Park, on April 16th, most generously sends me the following list of members from the official club list, and arranged in the order the arms occur on the board, viz.: 1, George John Earl Spencer (president); 2, William Spencer Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire; 3, George Howard Viscount Morpeth; 4, George Spencer Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; 5, Joseph Littledale, Esq.; 6, William Bentham, Esq.; 7, Francis Freeling, Esq.; 8, George Granville Leveson Gower Earl Gower; 9, James Heywood Markland, Esq.; 10, Richard Heber, Esq.; 11, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart.; 12, John Delafield Phelps, Esq.; 13, John Dent, Esq.; 14, the Rev. Henry Drury; 15, George Hibbert, Esq.; 16, James Boswell, Esq.; 17, Henry Freeling, Esq.; 18, Sir Egerton Bridges, Bart.; 19, William Bolland, Esq.; 20, Robert Lang, Esq.; 21, the Rev. William Holwell Carr; 22, Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; 23, Joseph Haslewood, Esq.; 24, Thomas Ponton, Esq.; 25, Alexander Boswell, Esq.; 26, George Isted, Esq.; 27, Edward Littledale, Esq.; 28, Peregrine Townley, Esq.; 29, Roger Wilbraham, Esq.; 30, —; 31, Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq.; 32, —. The last coat, No. 32, is still a puzzle, as there were only thirty-one members of the club, and Sir George Armytage agrees with me that the arms belong to the famous Davies family, and he adds that no one of the name belonged to the Roxburghe Club. Apologising for the length of this letter, I am, dear Sir, the King's servant and yours,—EVERARD GREEN (Somerset Herald-of-Arms), Heralds' College.

A KINGFISHER'S UNTIMELY END.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While walking along a river bank I saw in the distance what appeared to be a tuft of feathers, floating on the water, which proved eventually to be a kingfisher, partially submerged below the surface, its head being invisible under water. Thinking it had been seized by one of the numerous rats that infested the river, I got it out with all speed, hoping to save its life. However, it was dead, having killed itself in the following manner: It had caught a fish and, in the kingfisher way, "bolted" it head first, with disastrous results, one of the fins of the fish having folded upwards on its passage down the bird's throat, acted as a "wedge" against the bird's bill, and the head and shoulders of the fish had got so tightly jammed in the bird's throat that both fish and bird were effectually suffocated. I was unable to identify the fish with certainty. The head was very broad, comparatively for such a small fish, i.e., 2½ in. long and 120 gr. in weight. The kingfisher was small, too, and so lacking the usual brilliance of plumage that I concluded it was a female, a subsequent autopsy alone proving it to be a male, in poor

condition, which probably accounts largely for the bird's untimely death. Several days previously the weather had been cold, the bitter east winds culminating on this day (March 28th) in driving hail and snow storms all day. As is well known, the more inclement the weather, the deeper



THE DEAD KINGFISHER.

go the fish for warmth, resulting in the birds' food becoming scarce, and probably the kingfisher, while in a more or less exhausted condition from starvation, had seen the fish and, maddened by the pangs of hunger, omitted its usual skill and caution and seized its prey anyhow, paying dearly for its "error of judgment."—A. PILKINGTON.

HAND REARED PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph suggests a useful outlet for superfluous patience and perseverance—if anyone has a superfluity of those virtues.



ME NEXT.

These twelve little pigs are the survivors of a litter of sixteen born at Rhayader in Radnorshire. The sow was unable to rear them, and four died. These

would, no doubt, have followed suit but for the efforts of the man seen in the picture, who has brought them up on the bottle from birth. As will be seen, they are sturdy, well grown piglets now, and I think to have steered them safely through the first week or so of their lives without losing one is a feat to be proud of.—A. B.

THE SNOWY MESPILUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The bushes or small trees familiarly known as the snowy mespilus, or June berry, are classed in gardening text books and catalogues under the name of the amelanchier, and are nearly related to the medlar tribe. There are some half-dozen different species of the amelanchier mentioned in botanical lists apparently with but little distinction between them, all bearing a profusion of small white flowers in the early spring. The specimen shown in the accompanying photograph is an old tree at Thurlby Hall in Lincolnshire, from which it may be seen that it will flourish even in this unfavoured climate. It is covered with flowers in the same manner each year in the spring, and in the autumn the leaves change to a very gorgeous tint of deep red. The tree thus gives two distinct "shows" every year, the splendid autumnal tints being especially remarkable. The smaller photograph gives some idea of the profusion of the flowers, while the other view shows the general effect of the tree while in flower this year on April 21st.—F. H. H.



THE SNOWY MESPILUS IN SPRING.

FROM A FAR COLONY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs which suggest ways in which we



GOING AFTER THE CATTLE.

might use some of "the power that goes to waste upon the farm."—(Mrs.) H. H. PITTMAN, Wauchope, Saskatchewan, Canada.

YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that Australia and the Mother Country are sharing a common burden of warfare, the enclosed pictures of how Australian boys in the back blocks amuse themselves may be of interest. Incidentally, they do a good deal of useful work, and save the men's time, as, for example, when, as shown in one of the pictures, they fetch the wood home, and also acquire a practical intimacy with agricultural life, which stands them in good stead in later life.—A. H.

FLYING-FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent "J. F." in a letter on this subject on April 24th, speaks of the edible excellence of these fish. I can bear testimony to this fact, the flying-fish being regarded by the inhabitants of Barbadoes and other West Indian islands as the most desirable and delicious of all the fish that come to market. But their flesh is very delicate and soon decomposes in the heat, and it is absolutely essential that they should be eaten as quickly as possible after coming out of the sea. They are caught in large numbers off Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes, by the negro fishermen, whose method of capture is rather curious. They break or cut up a quantity of fish—the higher and more "flavoury" the better—into a bag of linen or canvas. This they dip in the sea and squeeze, so that the oil and fragments are dispersed in the



THE TURKEY TEAM.

water round the boat. The flying-fish are presently attracted, and as they come round to feed, one of the fishermen leans over the side with a pole-net and scoops them up. Another nigger in the boat hangs on to the legs of the man using the net, in order to prevent him from overbalancing and falling into the water. So soon as the fishermen have made a decent catch, they sail back to the port again with all possible speed, in order to get their delicate freight to market before the heat of the sun

has time to have its effect. I have eaten flying fish for breakfast, when quite fresh, and I am bound to say that they are excellent, almost comparable with some of our northern sea fish, which, of course, are the best in the world. As a general rule, fish captured in tropical seas are not to be compared with the sea fish taken from the cool waters of Northern Europe, that is to say if the latter are eaten fresh, a much rarer occurrence nowadays than it used to be.

Some of your readers may not be aware that a fresh-water flying-fish is known in some of the rivers of West Africa. This is *Pantodon buchholzi*, a small, brilliantly coloured fish which shows a large development of the pectoral fins. This small fish, measuring only a few inches in length, displaying hues of olive, silvery yellow, crimson, black, purple and pink—the fins are bright pink and the iris of the eye is crimson—was first discovered in the Victoria River, Cameroon. It has been found also in the Niger Delta, the Upper Congo and the Ubangi. The well known Belgian explorer, M. de Brazza, in his notes on a specimen of this species, stated that he caught it by means of a butterfly net as it was darting like a dragon fly above the surface of the water.—H. A. BRYDEN.



BRINGING IN THE FIREWOOD.



THE YOUNG "BULLOCKY."